

FRINGE

WAR

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Issue Seven

REVIEW

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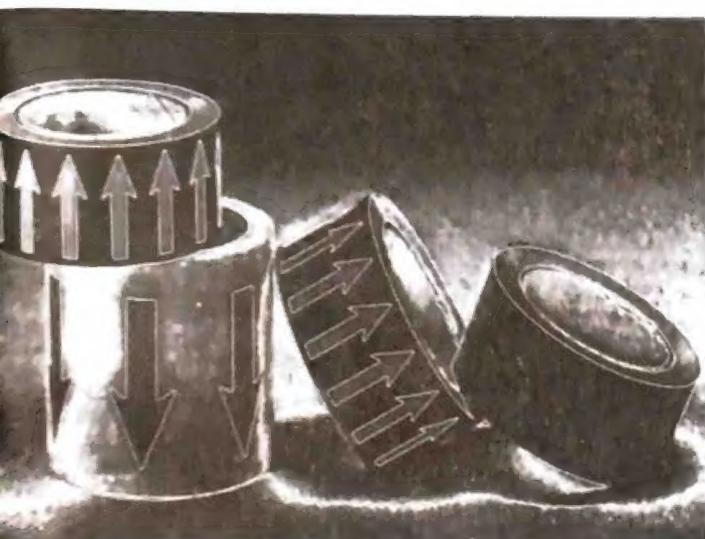
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FringeWare

Announcing: another in the series of quarterly themes about building community around a Fringe market-place...



"Wherever you find a really conservative area, there will be enclaves of counter-culture, fringe elements struggling on the margins... historically these communities were small, disjoint, non-threatening in numbers and potential, but with the advent of effective DIY media, like zines and internet, these communities can now exchange, mutate, collect, disseminate."

— Jon Lebikowsky,
TAZ/CEO FWI

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info@fringeware.com

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WorldWideWeb (mosaic, lynx, etc.):

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USENET:

alt.fringeware

Gopher:

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Anonymous FTP:

[ftp fringeware.com](ftp:fringeware.com) (in/pub/fwi)

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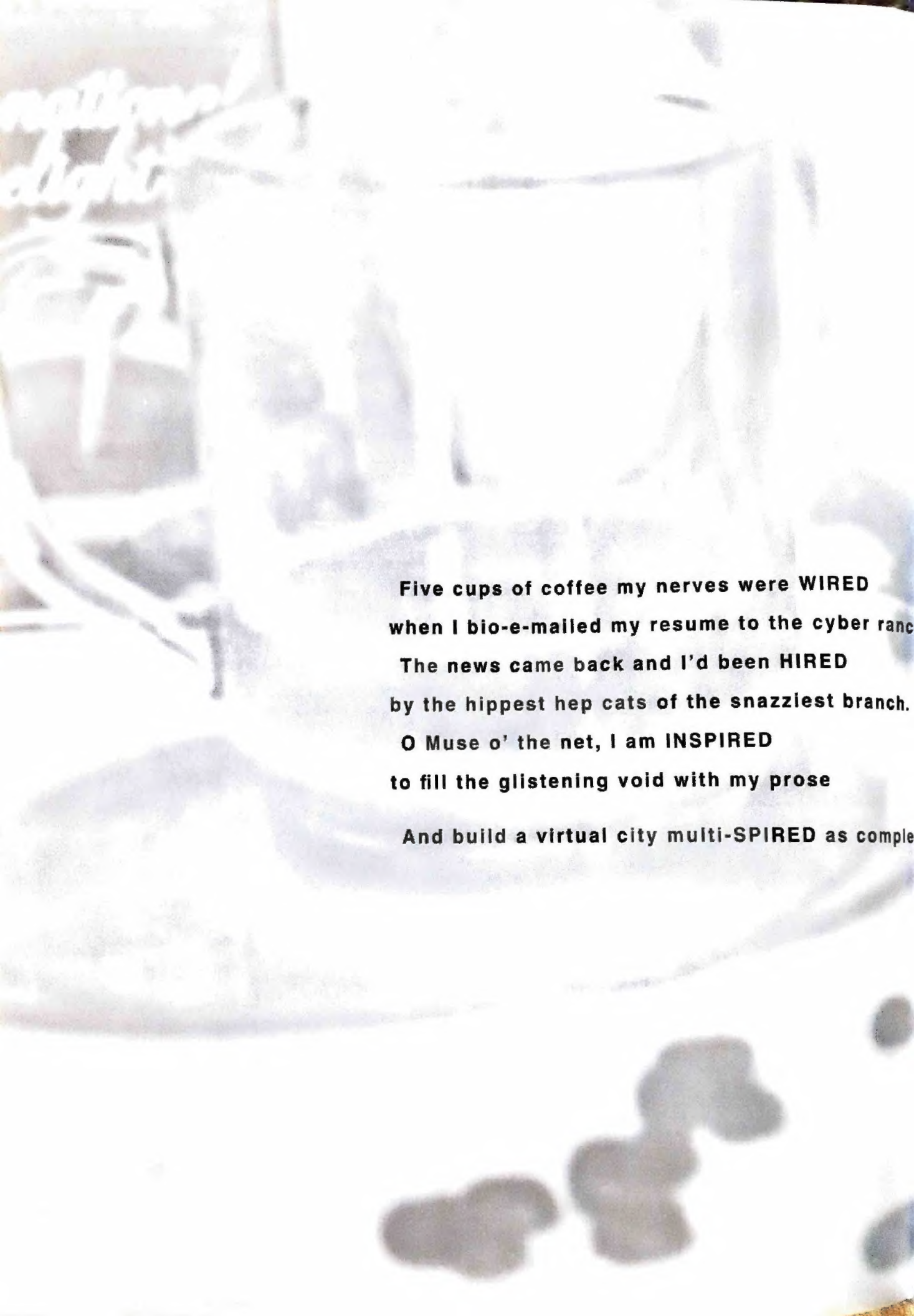
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Propaganda (NZ)

+64 08 781 582





**Five cups of coffee my nerves were WIRED
when I bio-e-mailed my resume to the cyber ranc
The news came back and I'd been HIRED
by the hippest hep cats of the snazziest branch.
O Muse o' the net, I am INSPIRED
to fill the glistening void with my prose
And build a virtual city multi-SPIRED as comple**

(and lovely) as a virtual rose.

From this glossy slick may I never be FIRED
nor from its electronic Forum dismissed!
Nor in thoughtfulness or depth my words be MIRE
nor shall I forget which E-holes to kiss.
For I am the true servant of the five lettered zine
which from *Emet* to *Met* has become a Fiend.

—*Mary Denning*

Rants & Raves



For Walter Alter, the future is a program that Karl Marx and Jules Verne mapped out in a previous century. Evolution is unilinear, technologically driven and, for some strange reason, morally imperative. These notions were already old when Herbert Spencer and Karl Marx cobbled them together. Alter's positivism is no improvement on that of Comte, who gave the game away by founding a Positivist Church. And his mechanical materialism is actually a regression from Marxism to Stalinism. Like bad science fiction, but not as entertaining, Alterism is 19th century ideology declaimed in 21st century jargon. (One of the few facts about the future at once certain and reassuring is that it will not talk like Walter Alter any more than the present talks like Hugo Gernsback.) Alter hasn't written one word with which Newt Gingrich or Walt Disney, defrosted, would disagree. The "think tank social engineers" are on his side; or rather, he's on theirs. They don't think the way he does—that barely qualifies as thinking at all—but they want us to think the way he does. The only reason he isn't on their payroll is why pay him if he's willing to do it for nothing?

"Info overload is relative to your skill level," intones Alter. It's certainly relative to his. He bounces from technology to anthropology to history and back again like the atoms of the Newtonian billiard-ball universe that scientists, unlike Alter, no longer believe in. The breadth of his ignorance amazes, a wondering world can only, with Groucho Marx, ask: "Is there anything else you know absolutely nothing about?" If syndicalism is (as one wag put it) fascism minus the excitement, Alterism is empiricism minus the evidence. He sports the toga of reason without stating any reason for doing so. He expects us to take his rejection of faith on faith. He fiercely affirms that facts are facts without mentioning any.

Alter is much too upset to be articulate, but at least he's provided an enemies list—although, like Senator McCarthy, he would rather issue vague categorical denunciations than name names. High on the list are "primitivo-nostalgic" "anthro-romanticists" who are either also, or are giving aid and comfort to, "anti-authoritarians" of the "anarcho-left." To the lay reader these mysterious hyphenations are calculated to inspire a vague dread without communicating any information whom they are except dupes of the think tank social engineers and enemies of civilization. But why should the think tank social engineers want to destroy the civilization in which they flourish?

Bob Black
Albany, NY

These three paragraphs appear in Bob Black's essay, Technophilia, An Infantile Disorder, by Bob Black, written in response to Walter Alter's retro-the new prefix in FWR666. Unfortunately we don't have room to run the entire text this issue, so these three paragraphs are taken out of context and merely representative. The entire text of Bob's essay is available online—on the World Wide Web at:

*<http://fringeware.com/HTML/technophilia.html>
...or from the FringeWare list server: send a message to info@fringeware.com with only these two words in the body:
get technophilia.txt*

Dave Koresh
Witness Protection Plan
Washington, DC

29 October 1994

Dear Jon and Fellow Fringies,

I am shortly going to have to make the most important decision of my life, and I want to do two things: (1) Make sure I have explained my own feelings; and (2) Ask for your advice.

My handlers have strongly urged that, just prior to the 1994 elections, I should present myself to the Security Council of the United Nations and request an international tribunal to determine if there is cause to issue United Nations Arrest Warrants for Janet Reno and Stephen Higgins for the crime of genocide!

But I have always thought of myself as a patriotic American: loyal, maybe, too inclined to say "My Country, Right or Wrong!" and to avoid airing America's dirty linen on the World Stage.

Part of me feels that this would be a *wrong* thing to do—almost like Jane Fonda posing with a Viet Cong anti-aircraft gun, or President Clinton bad-mouthing the military after *himself* dodging the Draft. "Put it all behind you, Dave," I try to tell myself, "and just do your job, write your software, and wait for The Millenium when you no longer need to hide and carry fake ID and fear the Beast who wants you dead.

But then a voice inside me warns, "But what of the NEXT 'politically incorrect' way of worshipping God?" The United States of America once had an explicit death penalty on the statute books for practitioners of The Craft, who were called "witches" and, quite legally, murdered by their government because of their beliefs. The Catholic Church threatened to murder Galileo, and ACTUALLY murdered Giordano Bruno, for "thought-crime." Joan of Arc: burned. Socrates: poisoned. Jesus: crucified. ALWAYS on government orders, and FREQUENTLY with phony charges of "corrupting the youth. LET THIS PERSECUTION END HERE! LET IT END WITH ME! LET US BRING HOME THE LESSONS OF NUREMBURG! READ THE FIRST TWO AMENDMENTS, AMERICANS!

As you can see, my time for decision is short. Please pray for me, as I will pray as well. It may be dangerous to attempt to contact me directly. Truly. Trust me.

The enclosed diskette contains INFORMATION YOU WILL NOT HEAR from the so-called "mainstream" media. Please distribute it as widely as possible, and God Bless You.

Your Brother in Christ,
DAVE KORESH
Dave Koresh

Sent from: podbox@bazooka@cs.utexas.edu (Bob Anderson)

jon@vector0.SAC.CA.US (Jonathan Cline) writes:

> I hope you aren't saying that you'll be removing/not updating the
> text versions. How many standards of formatting have come and gone..
> and how many people have been unable to read documents over the years
> because they aren't formatted for the lowest common denominator (ie,
> 80x25 straight ascii). There are people who don't have www today, won't
> have it tomorrow, or will only have e-mail rover access forever.
> Don't obscure yourself out of the information market.

You can use your email rover to retrieve any valid URL by sending mail to:

listproc@www0.cern.ch

In the body of message send either of the following commands, substituting correctly formed Uniform Resource Locator for <URL>

send <URL>

or

deep <URL>

The first will retrieve you just the requested link, the second will also send any referenced link. You can then read the HTML documents with any WWW

Bob Anderson Pair O Dice BBS Austin TX 512.451.7117 Free Art!

bazooka%podbox.uucp@cs.utexas.edu, bazooka@well.com OTIS SYNERGY BAZ

** Bazooka's Home Page **

"I use your work, you use my work, we use everyone's work." Kathy Acker

[mod's note: wow, thanx, bazooka! that's a great functionality!]

Subject: My email addiction gnoses no bounds!
 Date: Wed, 2 Mar 1994 20:57:21 -0600 (CST)

Okay, I keep thinking about WelrD [parody], it's the coolest thing to drip into my brainpan all day, even causing me to set my cd player to REPEAT1 on *Serial Killers Don't Kill Their Boyfriend*.

Even if the patron saint is Don McLean, how 'bout putting Alfred E. Newman's mug in the little patron saint photo spot they use for McLuhan's Patron Saint spot?

Also, I know this would take time and I'd be way willing to help in doing this, how about a color WelrD tee? It would be way cool...

Andy Volk
 volk@CompuMedia.com

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing this under the assumption that the editorial staff at *Wired* will "forget" to print it in the upcoming issue, so I am also posting it on every relevant newsgroup and online discussion forum that I can think of.

When I first read your piece "Gang War in Cyberspace" I nearly choked on my own stomach bile. The whole tone of this piece was so far removed from reality that I found myself questioning what color the sky must be in *Wired's* universe. Not that I've come to expect any better from *Wired*. Your magazine, which could have had the potential to actually do something, has become a parody...a politically correct art-school project that consistently falls short of telling the whole story or making a solid point. (Just another example of Kapor-Kash that ends up letting everyone down.)

Quittner did get a few things right. I do have a big cat named Spud, I do work at a computer company and I do sell fantastic t-shirts. Buy some.

Chris Goggans, aka "Erik Bloodaxe"
 phrack@well.com

This was excerpted from a longer letter which appeared recently on the Net. To receive listings for the complete text use the FringeWare list server: send a message to info@fringeware.com with only these two words in the body: find quittner

Dear Jon & Fringe,

Great issue, always a pleasure to read Don Webb, fiction or nonfiction, a brilliant and provocative writer. I do have to take issue though with Don's characterization of the Right Hand Path—Christian Mysticism, Cabbala, Vedanta, Fourth Way, what have you—as being something that involves merely losing oneself in the Big Consciousness, and I further take issue with his characterization of the Left Hand Path as being the creation of a higher, more powerful godlike self...I realize that this is the diabolic propaganda—CS Lewis would have loved that one...Not that I'm a believer in, oh, heaven and hell per se, we of course "make our own" in some sense, but I do think that anything that increases the illusion of Individual Selfness and feeds the ego is basically "diabolic" and misdirected. Not that it doesn't serve a purpose—everything does. "You gotta serve somebody".

It's very easy to get lost along the way. The sage Sri Krishna Prem warns against those who enter into the various esoteric disciplines without a fundamental understanding of being and nonbeing; without the "death" of the ego; he warns that such a course can lead to hallucinations in which one falls prey to delusions of grandeur—as with so many "gurus", like the brilliant but deluded Franklin Jones aka Da Free John aka Da Love, who hallucinate that they are great avatars. There are so many ways to get lost—and it's thus for a reason. The truth protects itself.

And one side of the truth is that the "self" the Left Hand Path people suppose they are empowering is just a sort of toy balloon of the mind, constantly inflating. We mistakenly identify with this shiny toy, we have, without meta-noia, turned away from the actual self. We are worshipping a little psychological robot on which we project what appears to be identity.

Real being requires real work. There is even such a thing as real individuality; each crystal refracts light differently. And something that you can, if you like, call immortality is even possible—but not by the Left Hand Path. What one follows there is a will o' the wisp.

Yours,
 John Shirley
 Alameda, CA



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OK TO EAT TO ME IN
 Organic / Anti-energy
 (i) equated to the
 Absorption Ratio of
 Inverse-Mass =
 Anti-Gravity

Dear Jon & Fringestor and Fringestor beings; Thank you for the complimentary copy of your high-class and high-dick zinc. It is a conceptual masterpiece! I'm looking forward to reading more of it. If you know anyone who is a "Universal Life Church" minister, have them check out my poem that appeared in the latest issue of the "U.L.C." News. (Fall) You won't have to look too hard to find it. It's towards the back of the issue. It appears you have done your homework in a myriad of reports. Your research has "proven fruitless by Analogy." That is a pivotal concept in Sgnarchic thinking. It is devoid of any time distinctions, ~~has~~ as the qualitative wholeness(es) of 4d variants of gradation; are interposed equally in the totality of Time/Space; ~~are~~ Trans-Relative to any and all linear configurations of interaction or sequential distinctions. This is how order

EW

Stuck in the MUD

By grimoire @ telnet mud.stanford.edu 2010

It started innocently enough, just a few minutes here & there, just whenever I had a spare hour or so. I was waiting in the computer lab at the University of My State for something to print. Someone had told me about it. I'm not even sure I know where I got the address from, but there I was, standing at the front door. I had played Dungeons & Dragons when I was in junior high, but this was different. I swear there are times when I remember the rules to D&D better than the grammatical declensions of French verbs which I should have been learning. There were not a myriad of arcane rules to memorize, aside for the ones needed for internet access. I'm not even sure when it became a full blown obsession. I would guess that the day I spent 14 continuous hours logged on was a warning sign, but actually I would have to say that I was hooked the moment I saw anyone. I am taking about playing on a MUD, My MUD of choice is *Revenge of the End of the Line*, or EOTL as it is abbreviated. It is not unusual at EOTL to have over 100 people playing at the same time. Everyone interacts with the same or different parts of the EOTL universe simultaneously. The difference in playing on a MUD & a regular computer fantasy game is that the world you explore is shared with the other players. You trade, talk, & kill other people just like you who are playing on the MUD from where ever the internet has attracted them. Another important difference is that this universe is expanded by the players. It is not the

static world of Super Mario, but if you have the patience to play long enough to raise your evaluation level to high enough (& have the necessary programming skills) you can apply to change the MUD itself. When I said there are no arcane rules to memorize, maybe I was misstating it a bit. Actually there is quite a bit of jargon to put inside your head, but after a while it becomes second nature. Lots of programmer/players have made all kinds of nifty software tools to help you survive the MUD. I'm not sure what the average life span of a newbie is, but it can't be much more than 10 minutes. All in all that can be a little frustrating, but consider it a Neo-Darwinian evolutionary process... survival of the obsessive. What do you need to survive on a MUD? Good reading skills; a good memory for maps of imaginary places (4 west, 2 south, up...); being a decent typist isn't such a bad idea either, if a combat isn't going your way, the last thing you want is a series of typos that lead directly to your death. But of course if you do happen to die, you can go to Dr. Frankenstein's Body Shop & get regenerated. Dying isn't so bad, you keep your eval level, but lose all current experience points you've accumulated, & I

tiered

L. Ron Hubbard
300 lifespan
tiramissou
Disney
JAL
Vatican
Eiffel Tower
Amway
lasagna
Hollywood Squares
Inaugural balls
US State Dept
skyrise condos
Interstate 380
Nob Hill
six-color separations
Michael Crichton
Woodstock '94

weird

Bill Barker
Apple II renaissance
nanner puddin'
Baby Sue
SWA
Subgenius
The Alamo
Schwa
breakfast tacos
That's My Dog
whitetrash potlucks
Libertarian Nat'l Convention
Quonset hula
Farm-to-Market 2222
Hyde Park
nonlinear-half toned split fountain
Jack Kevorkian
RoboFest 6

G O R G O N W A T G

Bobdobledeegook

An assortment of incomprehensible SubGenius rants.

McMarket

Drive-thru stock broker: "How To Get Rich", quick...

Practicalone

What happens when your spouse discover the Internet.

Garething

A process of running psychobabble through a technobabble converter.

TEZ

Temporary Erogenous Zone; the intersection of an erogenous zone with a free-floating anxiety.

Fringeoid

Somebody who buys three Day-Dreamers all on different credit cards, orders an entire case of *Illuminati* trading card expansion kits, then plasters their body with *Schwa* stickers.

Dismitnik

The detection of a security intrusion.

Masturbatronix

High-Tech gadgetry for solitary use by individuals which provides nothing but gratuitous pleasure, e.g. *Wired* magazine "Fetish" section.

Ufobo

Homeless alien.

Eliminatic

Incoming congressional budget clerk.

Devianorm

With the normal, expected range of deviant behavior.

Viralin

Musical instrument that will erase your C-drive.

Employee

A worker who's been canned for too much Net surfing.

Horselection

A track on a *Horsies* album.

Gigaher

A high-bandwidth woman, as compared with a Gigahim or a Gigait, or just plain Gig'em.

Sysadmenstruation

Dangerous, very dangerous.

Ufontificate

Academic post-modern critical theorists conducting a discourse about *Schwa*.

Debordwalk

An immediatist/TAZ amusement park.

550

Gate crashing a party where you don't know who the host is... from the UNIX/Sendmail error code 550 "Host Unknown", meaning that the email address you've tried to access can't be located... as in "Um, I think that was the host you just puked on... that was a serious 550."

187

What you do when you've read more than enough posts on *alt.doctress.neutopia.monster.truck*... as in "I just 187'ed that damn newsgroup."

—Garnet Baldwin

Infosnoop Chat Line: "Hey there... are you alone watching late night television and need someone to talk with? For more fun and giggles, strike up a seductive chat with the Federal Information Center +1 800 366 2998 where you can receive all kinds of contact info for your federal government. Careful, they make want to find out who you are and why you're asking so many questions.

Newsflash leaked out of Sony Records... rumor has it that William Gibson's story *Jonny Mnemonic* is in production as a feature film, to be released in the Summer of '95, starring Keenu Reeves, with music by Helmet and Rollins.

Attention NetSurfers! Toll-free peanut butter information super hotline: +1 800 283 8915

"While saluting *Wired* magazine's worthy premise as a publication that addresses the social and cultural effects of digital technologies, the director of the 21st Century Project at the University of Texas blasts *Wired* for its "fevered, adolescent consumerism, its proud display of empty thoughts from a parade of smoke-shoveling celebrity pundits, its smug disengagement from the thorny problems facing postindustrial societies, and most annoyingly, its over-the-top narcissism. If this is the revolution, do we really want to be part of it?" (New Republic 1/9-16/95 p.19)

From: Gregor Markowitz <muddy@clark.net>

This is response to OTIS artists finding their stuff lifted from the art site and used uncredited in HotWired.

>Date: Wed, 15 Feb 1995 23:28:24 -0800

>To: otis@art.net

>From: bc@wetware.com (bill coderre)

>Subject: wired needs a spanking, er, panic

>Who's got the scanner? Start scanning all kinds of cruffy trademark stuff

>from Wired, and stick it in the PANIC directory.

>

>This weekend, we make BIG FUN of them! And put up all kinds of pleasant >manips of their copyrighted trademark-y stuff all over the Net.

>

>They will very soon learn their lesson. After all, making use of their >magazine in art is "fair use." Taking art and putting in their magazine is >"theft." So sayeth the law, so be it done.

>

>This weekend, it's WIRED-panic. Who's with me?

you can get back to your former corpse fast enough, you may even be able to salvage your equipment before some newbie tumbles along and pries your sword from your still cooking fingers. I quickly made a few friends, but as we headed through the virtual wasteland, I was on the quest for greater glory, more challenges, more powerful gear, and higher levels. The amazing thing is that the MUD grows as you play. New adventures are added, old ones are expanded & expanded. There is a lot to do in a MUD, provided of course, you have no life. The MUD penalizes prolonged absence, you gear racks up storage fees, the longer you are away, the more the coin to retrieve you. The obvious solution: play at least once a day. I didn't take long for my life to take a new turn. I had a hobby that I couldn't shake. No longer was I a good internet user, I was a MUD addict. I had a mission from NASA or the Library of Congress, being so modern. No, I was bad, I was choking valuable bandwidth playing a game. Our tax dollars at work. Evid. and MUDhead! Comparatively I wouldn't need a full two hours to write a paper anymore. I'd rather mud.stanford.edu 2016. GUILTY I logged in! >name: folsdeklard! >password: rumorm! A quick check of the

who list, none of my enemies were logged in right now, but in the MUD, everyone is pretty much out for themselves, so you have to be careful. There were a few other MUDheads out there, hard-core types, worked themselves up to super high levels & had logged in months of on-line time with their characters. You can type (peek) to see how you are doing, & see what the "log" of your character is. I remember I finally broke 24 hours of on-line play time with folsdeklard. I should have been warned then. There are all kinds of commands that you use constantly in the MUD. (-all monster) is one of them. The MUD lets you program items into your character to facilitate play. (-sum) was an important addition to my MUD arsenal. One of the handiest devices that the MUDheads have give the MUD is a talent which allows you to (-clear corpse). The MUD will automatically rot a corpse off of its virtually floor in about 10 minutes, but for a player on the MUD, it's just wants to collect whatever their opponents were carrying as quickly as possible the ability to destroy the corpse is a real timesaver. After a month, I no longer had to tremble at the whims of the more sadistic players. I had gotten myself up to a respectable eval 26, and was now a threat to those same players. The MUD crept into my head all the time; in the car (-beast) would flash up in my mind's eye. I longed for my transporter with which by typing (-beam me) I could already be home. At work too, the MUD offered solutions that weren't acceptable in a non-virtual environment. A customer became angry, bensing our lack of foresight in not carrying the particular item he needed at the particular time that he needed it. In my head the answer was so simple. (-kill) (-deal corpse

Proposed from: Wendell Craig Baker, (wcbaker@grains.baker.com)

Mark Baker, Marketing Director out of the Alberta Research Council in Canada, is a market where people trades claims on technological claims. Basically you can bet on the quality of your review and, betting by placing options contracts on intellectual debates, e.g. turning the whole process of these URLs

<http://skyler.arc.ab.ca/~jamesm/IF/IF.shtml>

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Buss 86/ 87/ 38 Owners win ML Baseball Strike

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382- 21/ 22/ 23 Canada Pay Raising are nifty

IReg 30/ 48/ 50 Internet regulated in US

Moon 34/ 40/ 38 Moonbase by 2025

NIPC 60/ 85/ 0 Non-Intel PCs Dominate by 2000

OJgt 71/ 74/ 74 O.J. Simpson found Guilty

Time 9/ 12/ 10 Time Travel

Univ 25/ 29/ 25 Eventual Collapse of Universe

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The handy new Port-O-Tron XL23 opens up actual portals in the fabric of the space-time continuum, for those lazy afternoons when you're looking to invade another dimension without leaving the comfort of your Jacuzzi. Just activate the unique "Puncture Existence" function, press another button for "Destroy All Frightening Forms Of Life", and finally, use the XL23's remarkable voice recognition/enhancement program, "Brainwash The Survivors To Obey Your Every Word!" One US military official remarked, "If only we'd had this fifty years ago, we never would have needed television." US\$23,017,000 —Garbonzo Industries. ▶

Always on the cutting edge of new "torture tech", those zany kids at the Unbelievable Pain Connection have done it again. The handy new Meltdown! Device can be inserted under the skin with 53% more nerve damage than the clunky earlier model, Near Critical. Once there, Meltdown! draws on a vast archive of apocalyptic imagery, much of it uploaded directly from alt.binaries.god.hates.us, to frighten the hapless victim's nervous system into dissolving and causing the poor fool's spinal column to heat up and explode—much to the delight of you and your friends! Punishing your enemies has never seemed quite so delicious, and so convenient. US\$69,000,000.23, plus one arm—Unbelievable Pain Connection. ▶

What started as a prototype for a better chewing gum has now turned into the handy new Tickle Your Brain, a breakthrough in the burgeoning new field of cranial excitation. Our tester spent hours with this thing wrapped around his face and neck; the primary leads are jammed haphazardly into the corpus collosum (our tester had his five-year-old daughter do it). Tickle Your Brain generate waves of ecstatic revelry which begin like lightly teasing feathers and end in an orgasmic burst of orgasmic mania. By monitoring your brain waves on the screen, you control the level of your bliss—that is, until you lose control of all your autonomic functions entirely and collapse into a screaming, cackling puddle of bodily fluids and quivering flesh! Ages five and up. US\$100,023,170,000, plus first born child —Slowly Weakening The World's Resistance, Inc. ▶



◀ This handy new portable PC, the Essential, has outdone them all for sheer convenience and ease of use. By eliminating such bulky components as the monitor, keyboard and hard drive, the Essential ensures you'll never have to worry about processing power or available memory again. Think of how much storage space you've got within its sleek, aerodynamic, anvil-shaped frame—quite a bit, since the frame is actually empty! And this is one PC you won't mind dropping off buildings or clobbering innocent passersby with, since the stainless steel veneer means the blood will wipe right off. US\$16 —Bob's Hardware on Highway 666, Topeka.

◀ Are you just plain TIRED of smoke detectors which only detect life-threatening smoke within your own home? Luckily, thanks to powerful sensors based on technology humans were not meant to understand, the handy new Smoke Buster NC17 now gives you up-to-the-minute info on all the major fires in your hemisphere, as well as pinpointing your children's cigarette smoke, clouds of smog on the planet's surface and exhaust fumes from alien craft which buzz too close to our atmosphere. How did you ever feel safe without it? Can also be set to start fires within the same radius. US \$52,000,023 —Ted's Mayan Mystery Electronics.

◀ The handy new Do-It-Yerself Artificial Heart can be installed as easily as quaffing a beer. The easy to read instructional diagram ensures that you won't accidentally hook up the wrong arteries to the "in" and "out" ports, a problem that plagued the earlier Do-It-With-The-Help-Of-A-Trained-Physician model. The snug form fits easily in the chest cavity, ensuring easy access whenever you need to change the triple-A batteries (not incl.). Smoke all you want; when the time comes, you can always Do-It-Yerself! US\$23,000,017.23 —It Usually Works Corp, Scenectady NY.

◀ This handy new laser printer, I AM, never runs out of paper and ink, because each model includes an actual Archangel of the Lord, who spits divine text from its mouth. I AM also corrects errors, checks grammar, revises unwieldy passages, alters inappropriate content, and basically churns out the Word of God 24 hours a day; it also sings "Proud Mary" to let you know a batch is finished. US\$googol.23, plus your soul (incl. eternal salvation) —PKD Productions.

Eclectic Internet

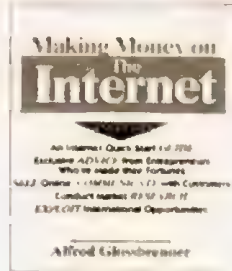
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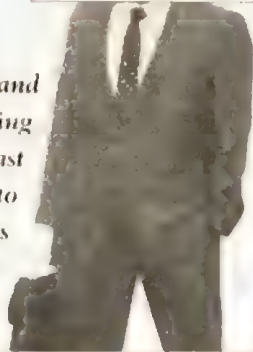
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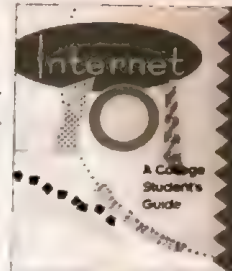
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R.U.Wired?

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By Baby Boy Depew, bbd@fringeware.com & Monte McCarter, monte@well.com

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Did you realize that you are already Wired, in oh so many ways?

Coordinates, grids... overlaying. A thousandfold of interstices, intertwingling. Darkened shadow of some radio privateer, hunted into terror by FCC interceptor vans triangulating. Authority belied.

As each coordinate grid to which you subscribe, wherein you survive, unfolds revealing a point... a name for the gopod which is you, the symbol. The fetish you anoint. Each grid carrying a gift to pray at the birth of your many-dimensional commodified celebrity. Holy nativity of intersections compounding, a tensor, the tensors, you: convergence exponentialized. Each signifying the circumquaverance which is you, a tiny symbol betrayed in the visceral invocation of identity.

Have you ever pondered how a subculture which places Marshall McLuhan, William Gibson, Bob Black, Cypherpunks, etc., on their respective pedestals, could simultaneously worship an aesthetic that seeks their avatars' undoing?

Then again... you may be Wired, but are you On?



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3. Next, how did you feel at the time?
4. Next, how did you feel afterwards?
5. What did you feel?
6. What did you think?
7. Were you pleased, frightened, ecstatic, disgusted?
8. What did he say?
9. What words did you speak?

That's what I want to know. Now, tell me. Now, now. All of it. Now. Tell me... Yes!

Tubed

Noted author dares ask about the future of a brave new medium

By Don Webb, 0004200716@mcimail.com

In just ten short years since NBC's broadcast of the first television shows in 1938, we have reached a level of technical and artistic excellence that no one could have predicted when Dr. Vladimir Zworykin invented the iconoscope in 1923. Although many may scoff, all of us at *Tubed* predict a future lit by the cathode ray tube, and those who do not buy a television now will not take part in the greatest form of interactive media that the world has ever known. Our research indicates

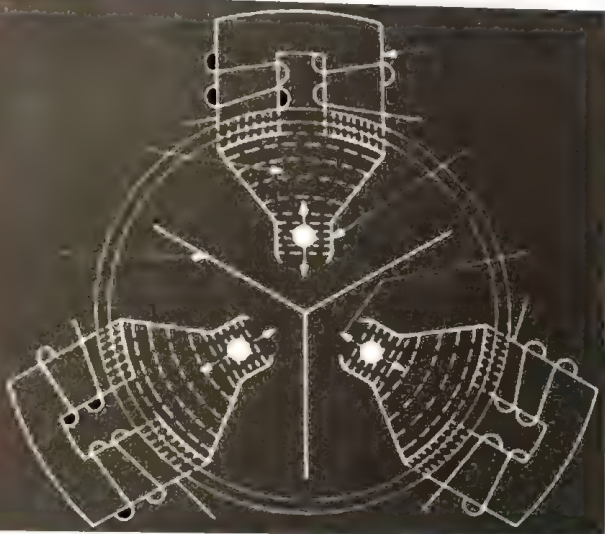
that by the end of this century as many as one in a hundred homes will have a television. Then the true age of media will have begun, and ownership of a television will be the sign of belonging to humanity's Elect!

The wealth of TV viewing available to us now in 1948, just two short years after

articles have a point, don't they?—I'd like to examine some philosophical developments from the last few years in non-television reality. Then I'll look over the shows of the first week in December.

This year M.J. Herskowitz has coined the term ENCULTURATION, the process by which persons are brought up to be members of their society. We at *Tubed* think that ENCULTURATION will be the word that best describes what TV will do for us. Two years ago in Paris, Isidore Isou and Maurice Lemaitre founded LETTERISM, a literary movement based on a poetic and pictorial concern for signs and letters. Although none of its principal forms—phonetic poetry, picture-writing, and quasi-SEMIOTIC painting have yet been televised, they are nevertheless real. This growing concern with the nature of the sign cannot help but create better and more effective advertising. Three years ago in Paris, J.P. Sartre, who at this time has not been televised, introduced an important concept to the TV world—*le Neant*, or NOTHINGNESS, the polar opposite of Being. Nothingness is a uniquely human property, it occurs when you turn on the TV set but the show you want is **not there**. You are then imposing "nihilation" upon a well and operative TV set. Nothingness (*le Neant*) is what TV viewers fear most, a product of their minds that leads to existential despair. But the most promising development is the school of philosophy invented just this year by Paul Jennings, the school called RESISTENTIALISM. Resistentialism is the study of how Things think about us, basically they are against us (*Les choses sont contre nous*). Thus our cars won't start when we most need to get to an appointment, the roast will burn before our most important dinner, etc. The real importance of this school of thought is that our television sets will (if left up to their own devices) show bad programming. We at *Tubed* therefore urge you to always WATCH YOUR TV CAREFULLY lest it slip substandard shows to you.

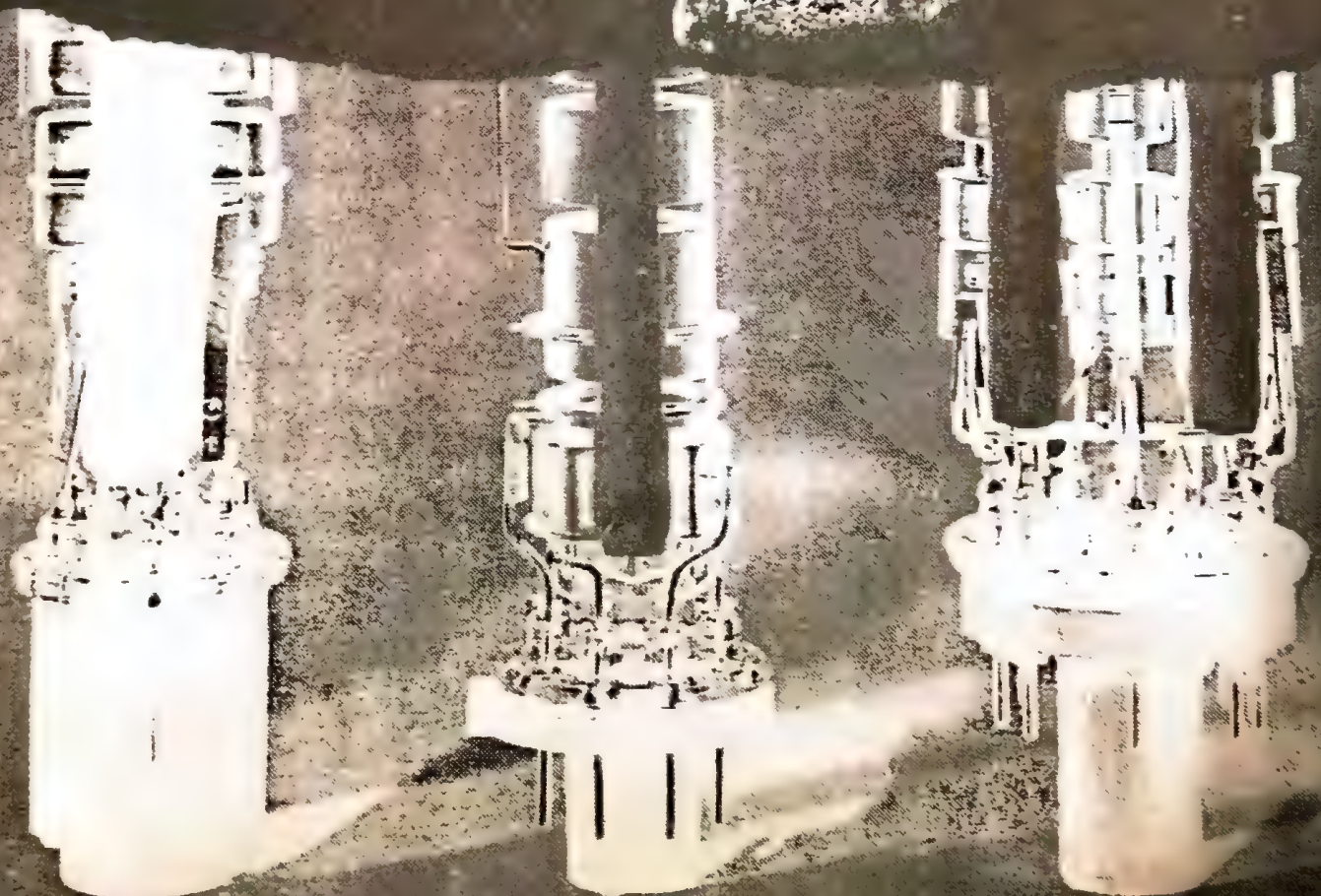
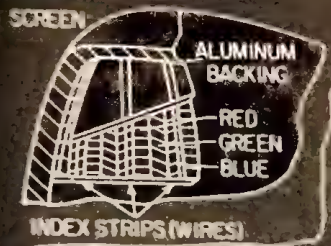
Now that *Tubed* has brought you up to date on current philosophies that may effect your TV watching, let's examine the week. Of course our favorite show remains *Tales of the Red Caboose* on ABC Friday nights with its fifteen minutes of model trains racing around the tracks, while the narrator reads a story about the lore of trains—here is TV at its best where it forces the viewer to think and imagine. (ABC Friday



This article first appeared in *Tubed* December 1948. It was my first nonfiction sale. I am grateful to Paco for reprinting it.
—Don

NBC formed what it called its **East Coast Network** by allowing its New York station to feed shows to Schenectady, is truly amazing. We now have four networks, NBC, ABC, CBS, and Dumont. Even in our most delirious prose here at *Tubed* we could not have predicted that on a single evening a viewer could choose between **four** different channels! Of course some critics say there just enough talent to go around for four networks, and ABC might not be able to survive. But either way remember you read about it in *Tubed* first! Just think: there were only twelve sets in New York City in 1946, now with over three times that number, we believe that by the end of 1969, television networks (and we're going out on a limb with this one) will be able to make money from advertising. We're dreamers, but we're crazy capitalist dreamers.

The world is a pretty cozy place. Sure, Uncle Joe is holding on to those Eastern European countries, but as soon as he realizes that we're the people with the Bomb, that foolishness will be over. Now before I get down to the point—all *Tubed*



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night 7:30-7:45, sponsored by Lionel Trains). Of course CBS' *Roar of the Rails* has exactly the same format, but it is sponsored by American Flyer Model trains, and we at *Tubed* think that Lionel trains are more hep. (CBS Tuesday night 7:00-7:15). The Dumont network has surely produced a winner with its *Key to the Missing*. Here the relatives and friends of missing persons are interviewed—along with pictures of the missing person. People in TV land are asked to call in if they know the missing people's whereabouts. This is one of the great things about TV since it is a live medium—it will always be audience interactive. (Dum Friday night 7:00-7:30). Another piece of audience participation TV is found in Dumont's *Birthday Party*. Here a visiting child is treated to a birthday party with cake and ice cream, and performances by talented youngsters. Again this is the essence of TV live performance, real people. (Dum Wed. 7:00-7:30)

Moving later in the evening we find *Champagne and Orchids*, another Dumont winner. Here to the accompaniment of the futuristic theremin (played by David Lippman) lovely Adrienne Meyerberg sings ritzy songs in French, Spanish and English and dances with the announcer. (Dum Monday night 7:45-8:00). At 8:00 we find that Dumont (so clearly the leader of the four networks) producing the ultimate interactive show, *Photographic Horizons*. Not only does Joe Costa explain how to capture that perfect snapshot, lovely Peggy Corday and Maxine Barrat pose before carefully chosen settings so home shutterbugs can take a picture of them directly off the TV set. Then the viewer can mail in his photo so it can be televised! This is truly TV at its best and a herald of coming shows. (Dum Monday night 8:00-8:30).

The 8:30 slot is also graced with what we at *Tubed* call "interactive TV". Members of the audience send in their own jokes for *Stop Me If You've Heard This One*. The professional comics yell stop if they've heard the joke, and then proceed to finish it. For each wrong punch line they provide the contestant gets a prize. (NBC Friday Night 8:30-9:00). NBC provides another interactive show in the nine o'clock slot, *I'd Like to See* viewers write in (the TV is and always will be linked to the postal service) and request various wacky stunts or unusual performances. Of particular importance is the perfor-

mance of Kuda Bux, a Hindu fakir who can see through his blindfold. Viewers write in telling what actions they would like to see him perform blindfolded. This addition of the spiritual traditions of India, can only help the spiritual evolution of America, and let us achieve the supra-rational state that we at *Tubed* have been so long prophesying.

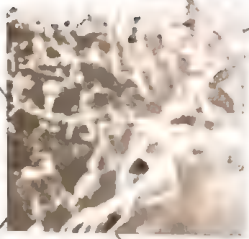
Unfortunately the rest of the evenings on all four networks is filled with the mainstay of TV entertainment, live boxing. Boxing will of course always be with us, but we at *Tubed* confidently predict the rise of more and more interactive television and greater and greater linkage between TV and the postal service. We note with sadness that neither CBS nor ABC produced more than one show suitable for the TV Elect. Probably ABC will dissolve next year, and we will, for a brief period, have only three networks.

But the most importance change will be the absence of NOTHINGNESS (*le Neant*). Soon TV will fill all the gaps of nothingness at least in that one in one-hundred house which will be able to afford one. Through TV mankind shall achieve his salvation, and *Tubed* will be there when it does. We won't even be able to imagine a non-image filled space.

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MAGAZINE

Issue 18
Interviews with Chris & Cosey (UK), Swedish trans-media duo Phauss, electronic composer Thomas Dimuzio, Spanish composer Francisco López, Dutch experimental band De Fabriek, Scottish politico-art-band Dog Faced Hermans, plus a historical profile on the German label Selektion and the composers Ralf Wehowsky (P16 D4), Achim Wollscheid (S.B.O.T.H.I.), and Bernhard Gunter. As well as hundreds of audio and publication reviews, mailart listings, and international media contacts. 72 pages (\$3.75)

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Consciousness In A Box

The sci-fi mythopoeitic delusional psychoelectronic "I"

By Jon Lebkowsky, jonl@fringeware.com

Robotics has two sides—real-world practical application and development, and sci-fi mythopoeitic phantasy construction—and like most real/surreal dichotomies of the Information Age, these two sides are blurred and indistinct within human consciousness, whatever that might be...

A good question in this context: *What is consciousness?* This is hard to answer because of the obvious blind spot inherent in self-definition (conscious process defining con-

sciousness), you can't see the forest for the trees or the neurons for the nerves, as the case may be. Because the "conscious" part of me is as deep as I usually go, or as I need to go in order to play the requisite survival games, I tend to confuse consciousness, an interface between the internal me and

the external "thou," as the totality of my being, as a real *thing* rather than a conveniently real-seeming process. (Then again, if consciousness defines reality, what's real is what consciousness says is real, but that's a digression...)

The sages tell me I'm delusional (attached to the delusion of *samsara*, of the world, in the Buddhist view), but I can't quite figure out what this means. That's because "I" am as much the noun, *delusion*, as the adjective, *delusional*. So much of what I am is filtered out, inaccessible to the ego-interface.

But wait. The delusional "I am" is a convenience that facilitates individual survival-stuff, so I'm not dissin' it. The purpose of this rant is to make a point, not about ego or delusion (I'll let the sages stew in those juices), but about robotics and AI research and the belief, often expressed in both sci-fi and real-world contexts, that *you*, or more precisely "your consciousness," can be stored digitally. In most sci-fi depictions of

"consciousness in a box," the object is immortality: you store what's essentially you, and it "lives" forever, or until the plug's pulled, whichever comes first (I know where I'm putting my money). In sci-fi, this is just another device for exploring the question of immortality, which has fascinated sci-fi authors and the mythmakers that preceded them as a way to come to terms with the death thing. Trying to rationalize the inescapable. But you find other optimistic folks (Hans Moravec, the Extropians) who are quite serious about the potential for immortality and who consider the consciousness-in-a-box scenario a viable means to that end.

I have a couple of problems with the scenario, myself, the first being that, even if you digitized your consciousness and stored it in a psychoelectronic device of some kind, it would not be *you*. Your awareness would still fold when you disincorporate; the thing that's stored might emulate your thinking or even your behavior, but it would be a simulacrum, *like* you but *not* you.

The other problem I have is best expressed in the form of a question: What are we storing? There seems to be a confusion between process and object. If consciousness is indeed only a shallow process handling the various negotiations between what we call *subconscious* and external reality, what is the character of the data you're uploading and defining as *you*. Rules, implementations, stored memories—consciousness is really a hash consisting of no single, store-able entity. It's like trying to package a tornado—what do you put in the package? Do you include all the chaotic elements of weather formation and all the applied physical rules that are manifest in the tornado's brief life span as a process event?

The bottom line here is that you can't really isolate a single entity "consciousness" and divorce it from its generative context.

Can you even simulate consciousness? Or intelligence, which probably has a clearer rule base than the vaguer concept of consciousness, but is still elusive. An "artificial" intelligence with sufficient density and complexity to *mimic* human consciousness is the very real goal of a particular thread of applied research, but so far no digital simulacrum has been constructed that "thinks" as we know thinking. The problem here resonates with the earlier argument about stored



consciousness: we don't have clarity about the definition and composition of
human consciousness, so how can we copy it? It's hard enough to copy
something we *know*.

The mythic representations of scifi robots like Robbie or Gort or Hal9000
are like consciousness in a *black box*, deus-ex-machina stuff that might serve
to carry a plot forward but, to those who punch code into
day after day, doesn't ring any more true than a fairy tale
to say that it's more about wishes and fears than about any
jected reality. It's one thing to load a few rules, even with
simulate heuristic process, into the CPUs of this world, but
to conceptualize silicon-based *thinking or awareness*.

Human and animal consciousness are products of code
modifications that reach 'way back, perhaps to the inception
and are driven by an unfathomable creative force compared
efforts to construct artificial minds seem comparatively short-sighted and

pitiful. Then again, I suppose in our efforts to mimic
"the gods" we're channeling that creative force,
whatever its true origins, because it must be inher-
ent in the code structure of the human genome. And
if that's so, perhaps we're destined to coevolve with
dumb processors
our own
or myth, which is
creations, which have themselves evolved from basic
current or pro-
practical and conceptual tools to today's ubiquitous
algorithms to
computing systems. This coevolution may produce
it's a real stretch
cyborganic life forms which, though not created
entirely by our hands, may be seen as products of an
generations and
obsessive desire to be as we imagine gods to be,
of the universe,
creatively self-perpetuating and therefore, as a race
to which our
if not individually, immortal.
short-sighted and

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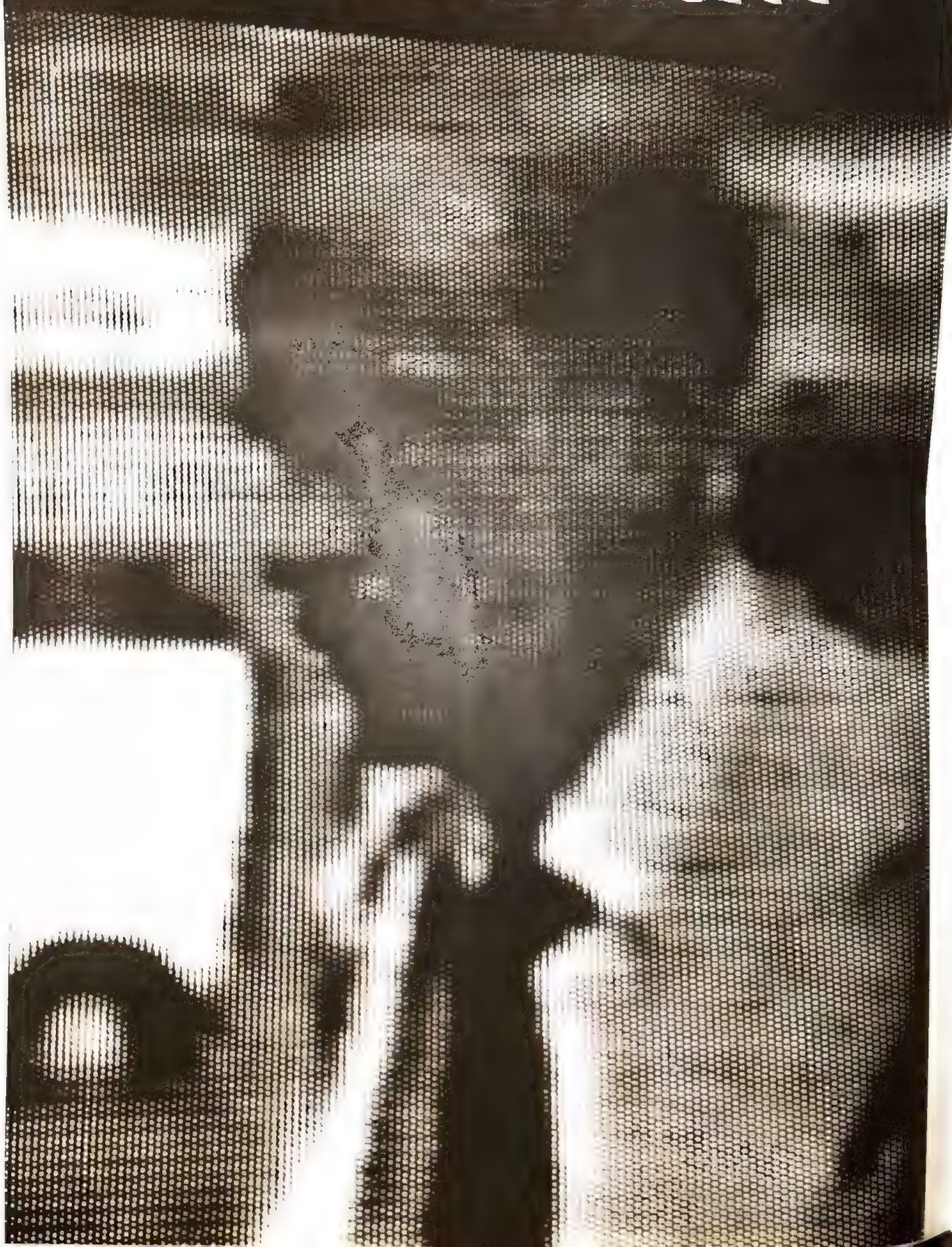
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McLuhan



McLuhan Center i/v

By Spiro(s) Antonopoulos,
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I've always been a fan of Marshall McLuhan's work, so when I saw a CD release comprised of old lectures advertised in *Wired*, I called for a copy. They talked my ear off for over 45 minutes explaining how *Wired* is a tool of the American Military Machine...so I called back to get it on tape. The following is the resulting interview with Nelson Thall, Chairman of the Marshall McLuhan Center on Global Communications. It's barely an interview as he talks incessantly, and I could hardly get a word in edgewise...these are just the highlights.

The Center is comprised of McLuhan's students and associates who work to proliferate his word and his critical style of perceiving the media. Thall begins to remind me of helter skelter when he starts reading into John Lennon's secret messages from the *White Album*...

On Wired...

fwr: When last I spoke with your organization concerning *Wired* magazine, you had some rather harsh but interesting criticisms of *Wired*. Let's delve into that...

nelson thall: Now on one level, I don't have any axe to grind about *Wired* magazine. As a magazine, if they want to be an entertainment medium, that's fine with me. However, if they want to put themselves out as being a magazine which in any way shape or form strays into the area which we would call education...and by using Marshal McLuhan as the Patron Saint, that leads one to believe that this is their goal. Because McLuhan was basically the top educator and teacher of our world. He got to the highest pyramid. The highest level of the academic community and basically said "School's dismissed! Go out and study the outside world." By using McLuhan as their patron saint they're trying to say that they have some educational information to offer. They give a lot of lip service to the discoverer, but they're not interested in talking about the discoveries. Because to talk about the discoveries would in many ways be a slap in the face to their advertisers. Really, at that level, they're fakes. They're not even fakes, not genuine fakes. They're *haphazard* fakes. They're basically a bunch of Carnies. They'll say anything in order to hold your attention and get your money. Carnival People. Carnies. The barkers on the midway. But you expect that with Carnies, that's the nature of Carnies. They are put-on artists. That's what the *Wired* magazine people are, they're put-on artists.

[on went a long-winded story of how Wired didn't review their CD]

nt: You'd think that with Marshal McLuhan as the Patron Saint, if the Marshal McLuhan Center on Global Communications in Toronto, and all his associates...all the people around McLuhan.. and now that we've put out a CD you'd think that *Wired* magazine would say "Hey, let's review this!"—but NO REVIEW! So that shows that they're Carnies and they're not really who they say they are... if McLuhan fell out of vogue tomorrow, they'd jump ship in a flash. They're the rats that leave the ships first.

The Discarnate Effect

fwr: What would McLuhan be barking about today?

nt: Today McLuhan would be talking about the Internet, and how the "net" in Internet means *kinetic*. That's one of the effects of television, in creating tactile space for us to all live in. Printing gave us visual space. television gives us tactile space. We live in audio tactile space. That tact results in the "back to the body syndrome". That is, that the effect of electric technologies is to create what we call the discarnate effect. Right now, cyberspace IS the discarnate effect. You have no body. And when you have no body, you're a no-body. And the no-body has got no identity.

Furthermore, violence is a quest for identity. We live in a violent age, a violent world. We're trying to figure out "Who are we?" and "What are we made of?" Historically we haven't ever had to deal with this discarnate effect. It's too new. But it's having a detrimental effect; it's killing a lot of people...violence is a quest for identity...we need to use an approach called *media ecology*...an ecological framework in understanding the effects of our electric technology upon us. When

you're "on the air" moving electrically at the speed of light, and you're without your body, you're a no-body. Right now, you're not in my ear, you're right here, across the country, in my central nervous system...

The user is the content of the technology. Let's take, for instance, your clothes. What is the content of you're clothes? Clothes are an extension of man, a medium. And the content of your clothes isn't the pigment, it's you. When you turn on the television, the program isn't the content, *you're the content*... Literate Man can only think of his mind as limited to his skull, but Tribal Man understands that his mind goes beyond his skull. When we're on the phone right now you understand that there is a part of your mind that's outside your skull. It's right here in my hotel room, making decisions with me. And when we're out on this wire in cyberspace, we're not male or female. Here's where the discarnate effect created an irritant. And the counter-irritant became the feminist movement and the macho movement. They liked being out of the body, but it's like alcohol, it's a drug. They like the sensation, but in morning, you've got a hell of a headache. You've got a hangover. You need a counter-irritant. Remember that when you're a no-body, you've got no gender, no maleness, no femaleness... That's a side effect of being a no-body—the side effect of losing their genders was something that they never had to deal with before.

Wrestling... the retrieval of the kinetic is a back-to-the-body, humanscale obsession. One of the reasons we love wrestling, why it's so popular, is that you can see that in throwing the flesh around and pushing the flesh around, it's a retrieval of the body. We're bringing back kinetic: porn films are kinetic, a return to the body. Look at the number of hours in which people watch wrestling and porn, you've got a lot of hours there. They all know wrestling is scripted, why do they watch it? There's something hidden. The hidden ground to wrestling is the electronic environment and the discarnate effect. People love discarnate condition, but it's something terribly new. For fifteen-thousand years, man's been evolving, but we've only had electricity maybe fifty.

fwr: What would you consider to be a McLuhanistic theory of our mediated vector? What's it culminating into? Or, is this question null, because it asks of the future rather than the now?

nt: McLuhan was man without any theories. He was an objective observer who had not formed any opinions about what it was he was observing. He was putting out thoughts hoping to get reactions to help him understand better. He was really like a map maker searching for new lands, new data, to design maps with. He hadn't gotten home yet. He was like the man in the eagle's nest looking over the horizon. He could see the tornado, the storm, the dangers that lay ahead, and he was shouting down to the deck, "There's a storm ahead! Change your course!" Of course they were shouting back to him, "You're crazy! That's nonsense, that's just your opinion." He wasn't giving them his *opinion*, he was giving them his *perceptions*. He was saying, "Well if you don't believe come up here see for yourself." Now the man in the eagle's nest who sees the storm, he's not saying that if you hold your course, we'll definitely hit the storm. He's saying that there is a storm ahead and it should be considered. We should start studying these forces, and analyzing, and projecting where we should—rather than be a rudderless ship.

McLuhan today would talk about the Internet and the inner kinetic space that we're living in. How we're living consciously in the subconscious. Mankind has extended every part of the body...the hammer is an extension of the fist, the knife is an extension of the teeth, electric technology is an extension of the CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM, the computer is an extension of the brain... We put all these parts of ourselves outside, and when we do that we have no skin. Imagine what it would be, like with no skin...it would be like a city in the middle ages with no wall to protect itself... you've got to go somewhere to hide! And that's what we've done, we've hidden, we've gone inside, we've gone consciously into the subconscious...which is the meaning of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*. We're dreaming awake!

fwr: Which I think is pretty exciting. I find today's modern primitive and archaic revival cultural memes resonating with McLuhan's Global Village meme from 20 years ago. The emergent trends of body piercing and shamanism, for example.

nt: Our electric technologies move us into an aural culture and aural space, and that means we're re-tribalizing. But beyond the global village, McLuhan said that we no longer live in

a global village, we live in a global theater. And it's a theater without walls. You think you've left their theater, but you haven't. They just have such powerful tools, i.e. the technology is so powerful, that you're always in the theater and the key is to find the backstage door. We did *Bob's Media Ecology Squared*. **Bob Dobbs was a guy who studied with McLuhan. He's in NY now, and he's quite an artist.** Media Ecology means understand the effect of everything you see, and hear, and read, and feel. It's being very meticulous about the technology around you. We could slow down and eliminate a lot of the violence in our world by changing the effects of these technologies. *Wired* is an establishment-run magazine. And the artist is the enemy of the establishment, whose purpose is to purify the dialect of the tribe... *Wired* magazine isn't reading the signatures of existence, they're forging the signatures of existence. Which is pavement for the machine. Our society has been moved into entertainment-for-escape mode... Entertain them to death.

It's time to wake people up! Turn them into explorers, discoverers, media ecologists and media metaphysicians. Get them out of this Hollywood nonsense, this entertainment-for-escape mode...and VR...VR is hardware LSD. We had the software LSD. Now we're bringing in the hardware LSD and they're going to drug them with this hardware LSD. It will be just as disastrous as the LSD trip, the software LSD... Thus it will be a much more violent society because it will completely scrub off even more of the identity of the youth. The more identity it scrubs off, the more violence we'll have. Because violence is a quest for identity.

American Military Operations

fwr: So you see LSD as a disastrous cultural phenomenon? [I thought LSD was used for exploration, discoveries, ecologies, and metaphysics, but now I see that it's all just a plot...]

nt: Absolutely! I mean the Beatles were a major military operation to distract the attention of the young from the war in Vietnam...

fwr: But several tribal cultures use psychedelics within their rituals...

nt: Medicine men use it. They don't drug the whole village out...

fwr: The entire village consults the medicine man for healing, and sometimes psychedelics are implemented...

nt: I'm not using them as a yardstick, just because they do it doesn't mean it's the thing to do... But at least they have some sense of ecology...and understanding. They're not so drugged out that they've lost touch with reality. We've done that. We've lost touch with reality. And the young today have had their minds lost. We've lost generations of kids, it's a disaster. Their potential as human beings has been stunted because of this. The idea is to wake them up, and stop the party, stop consumption and get on track.

They culturally recondition the young. They brought Elvis in as an experimental liaison in visual information systems, as an experiment by the military. Colonel Parker took what he learned from that, and then they brought in the Beatles to get the attention of the young off of the war. When McLuhan told Lennon how he'd been a useful fool, Lennon went and did the *White Album*. Remember the song? "Back in the US, Back in the US, Back in the USSR?" What was Lennon trying to say? It was missed by everybody. What was he trying to say with Rocky Raccoon? The raccoon is a bandit, right? The bandits! The bandits came in, right? "Back in the US, Back in the US, Back in the USSR". Lennon was saying that if you think the thought control is heavy in the Soviet Union, you ought to see what's going on in America. It makes the Soviets look like bikers...

Studying the language of film is also very important. In the *Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy goes to the Land of Oz, the Land of Us. She wants to get home and find out who she really is. So she goes to the Wizard of Oz and the Wizard tells her to go and get the witch's broom. What did the witch do with the broom?

fwr: She flew.

nt: Yes, but what else did she do that's symbolic for our day?

fwr: ????

nt: She wrote. She wrote in the sky! Skywriting—ADVERTISING—The writing of our age. The wizard wanted the witch's broom. He wanted control of advertising. That's how they create the artificial appetites and desires. Then they just produce the products to fill those artificial appetites and desires.

fwr: Which is *Wired's* role today...

nt: Yup. If I know what you see and what you feel and what you hear, I can take your world and tune it to any tempo I choose. They control

whatever we see feel and hear collectively as a society...

Conquering Conclusion

fwr: Any closing words of wisdom?

nt: Ultimately, the power of the Internet is that it makes you think like a North American. It allows the entire world to think and write like North Americans. This is the agenda of the Internet. It goes along with NAFTA



Genesis P-Orridge i/v

By Dissemination Network, monte@well.com

On Oct 7th '94, Genesis P-Orridge, the master conspirator of *Throbbing Gristle* and *Psychic TV* took time out of a bizy schedule to chat with *Dissemination Network*. Brother Genesis is working currently with several other catalytic change agents to create the "Transmedia Foundation". The following excerpts from an hour-long phone conversation, shone through the rubble of bad phone wiring, poor tape quality, and various states of



delight felt by Scar 99, Larry S. and DJ DMZ of *DIS-NET*.

scar99: One thing I thought was interesting on the back of the *Psychic TV* earlier live records was a discussion of the invisible "They". About the Control. About how our feudal society seems to be set up with no one owning Control, in a sense.

genesis: I don't think people do, but I think that cyberspace is an attempt to reclaim Control. By large corporations, cartels and power brokers. If you want to know who They are in America, it's Bohemian Grove. Which is just down the road from where I live.

s: (laughs) Hmm.

g: Have you heard of Bohemian Grove?

s: No.

g: Basically, it's a post-free Masonic private club, and all but one of the Presidents of the United States was a member. The decisions to drop the atom bombs on Japan and to test the first atom bomb were made at Bohemian Grove during the Summer Retreat. And many of the big decisions having to do with wars and so on. (dogs barking in background)

Most presidents are actually chosen there by the Cartel, then the campaigns take place in autumn and basically whoever is decided at the camp is the person who wins. Kissinger's been a member. [He] is one of the most powerful

members, but there are foreign people as well. And it's basically the richest business people, the most influential lobbyists and the most corrupt politicians.

s: (laughs)

g: And it's all male.

s: Right. White male.

g: And it's in the woods, not far from me. 5 miles. No, 10 miles from me. Ummm...It lasts 3 or 4 weeks and the opening ceremony is where they all piss on trees and burn an effigy of Caring. (laughter)

So, it's destroying dull Care. The whole idea is to re-affirm rootlessness in terms of acquiring Power. Those are the people that run the planet.

s: Right.

g: And certainly the United States, which is the most effective imperialist state, so far.

s: You should visit some of the FEMA complexes around our neck of the woods...

g: So...where were we? (laughter) Lose track here. Oh, yeah. Control. So, I think that we were correct in assuming that to some extent, Control became separated from us at the source. And that leads into another (laughter in background) Procession, Transmedian speculation, which is...that all deities are real. Basically, that if you maybe construct an idea and then X number of them believe in it, the believing in the idea (ultimately over a period of time) and the repetition of that believing is a magickal act that will (ultimately over time) manifest what it described. So, if you describe a god and it's the Sun—I mean we all assume the Sun is there, but if you think that it's a deity... A separate deity? Zeus exists. All those deities exist. And at some point, most of the power from us believing in them and invoking them and adoring them increases. The cumulative effect is that they actually can separate from their source (which is us) and then have a separate agenda. I think all deities ever believed in exist. Paralleling simultaneously. And I actually feel that cyberspace has a potential to become a deity too, for that reason. And that millions of people plugging in—and that's an act of faith...that's a religious ritual and a magickal invocation. So cyberspace in itself can also become, and gain the qualities of, a deity. And ultimately separate from its source, which is us. And then begin a very interesting phase—that's another



reason why people must speculate on [cyberspace] and investigate what they believe the qualities of cyberspace or the psychosphere really are.

In the same way, Control, I think, has become separated from the human species. Brokers of power and addicts of control have been aware of this for a while and I think at the moment, we're seeing strategies and agendas aimed at them reclaiming Control. Through cyberspace.

And that's the real agenda of the whole thing from a macrocosmic level. Which means people like you and us... Bottom line: we have to cause trouble in there. You see? We have to subvert it and play with it. Are you still there, anyone?

larry-s: Yeah.

g: Am I going out to far?

s: (laughs)

l: No.

s: Actually, never far enough.

g: This is speculation and I'm not saying it's fully formed and resolved in our minds, but it's something that's gradually coalescing in a few people that discussed it. It's what I've noticed looking at my modem and computer. I spent nearly a full year just staring at the thing, really. And thinking... In itself, this is dull. This is basically dull. This was my first feeling. So, I can do lots of mail to lots of people quicker and

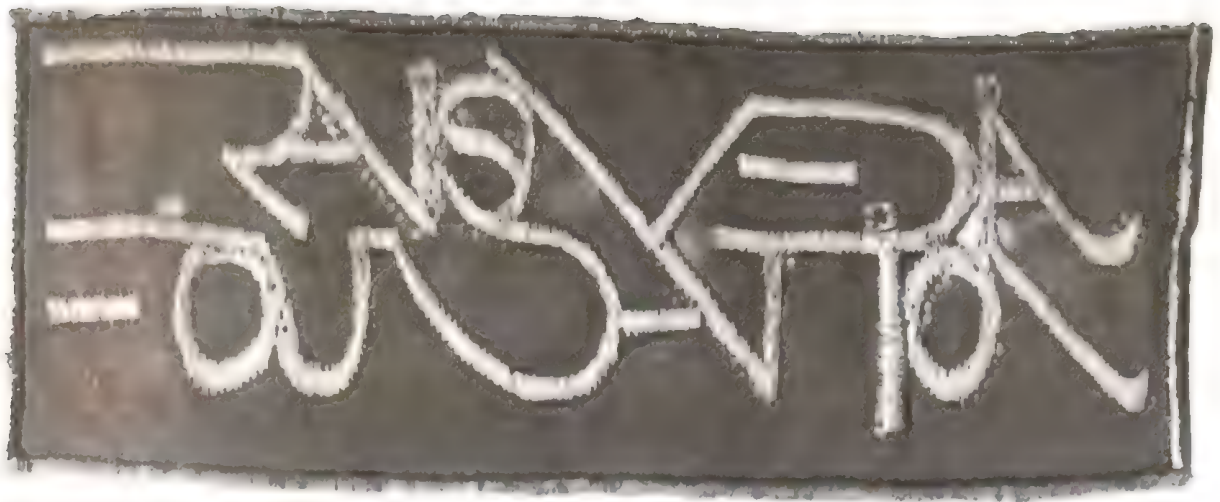
KNOW-THIS

"Thee Frequency Ov Truth"

Please be informed, once and for ALL ways. Genesis P-Orridge; Psychic(k) TV; Temple Press; Transmedia; and any and all former Stations and/or Access points of the nett-work previously known as "T.O.P.Y." or "Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth" have absolutely NO connection whatsoever with any groups or organisations purporting to represent, or claiming to actually be, that nett-work NOW! "Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth" was voluntarily terminated by it's SOURCE with ex-dream prejudice on 3rd September 1991, in accordance with their original intent. Any person, or persons claiming Membership of, or even absurdly "control" over anything they erroneously call "T.O.P.Y." since that date is clearly either a fool or a charlatan. Any claims that they might make are entirely bogus. Do not support them in their delusions. TOP-I is ALL of YOU and has no "Membership". It is both the spirit and intention; is also, implicitly, the key to the next manifestation and action. "Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth" never had anything you didn't have already. It was a temporary catalyst. A preparatory demystifier and strategic propagandist. The "Nursery". The process was the product. However, let it be perfectly clear, the Transmedia Foundation has the only legitimate and complete archive of "T.O.P.Y." and is the only existing contemporary organisation officially and legally authorised to make these materials directly available to the public through its nett-work, as unique documentation of a seminal initial but finite Astorical period in the ongoing TOP-I manifestation.

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have pen pals, but what is the really telling me? It took me a long time to really think about what was happening. What is this? Just as the eye is actually, physically a piece of the brain. It's the only exposed piece of the brain in our biounit. That's what all these tubes are for. They are the eyes of this other brain. They all link into this other consciousness. One of you mentioned that it's an in/out situation, you know? When you log on, you're also being vulnerable to and observed when you enter. And I think, all these things are worth noting and prophesizing and publicizing in very simple forms and radical forms and being made over-exaggerated... in order to alter or guide or direct or at least consider a very different way of looking at it. That it's not innately benign at all. It's not an innately benign or compassionate structure that we're dealing with. We're not given these toys by the powers that be, unless it suits them. And the only other reason we're given these toys is because it helps pay the bill for the research, so they could get it. You know they made Polaroid cameras to ID private government institutions? So those Polaroid cameras...pay off their bills. The great use is that when they give us their toys, they usually have no concept of what we're going to do with them, but we always use

them in a way they didn't expect. In their very linear vision. And that's already happening, because it happened so fast. Completely leave them shocked. They didn't realize what was going on because they were hiring in these sort of "hankies." (laughter) Cowboys...

s: Right.

g: They really didn't realize what they were dealing with. Or why these people had the ability to make quantum imaginative leaps when they didn't. So, we're all actually in a really strong position as we speak because they're just beginning to try and build their structured agenda. One of the major steps was Bill Gates buying all those fucking satellites. You know about that don't you?

g: So Where were we? Control?

s: Oh. We were talking about...talking about advertising in the stars.

g: Oh, yes Bill Gates. Right.

s: Yeah.

g: I was down at Timothy Leary's house... I guess, it was the beginning of this year. Maybe it was the end of last year? And he said, "Oh, there's these people here from this think tank [Interval Research] and they want to talk to you." So...one of them was Brenda Laurel,

whom I'd heard of, and there were some other people and what transpired was that they'd been given \$10 million by Bill Gates. They'd gone to him and said they wanted to do some research into cyberspace or the psychosphere. And he said, "Okay, I will give you an amount of money, which is equal to one day's fluctuation in all my shareholdings." And it turned out, it was \$10 million. One day's shift. Upwards. So, he gave them \$10 million for one year in their entire brief. Although they clouded it with various mis-statements, but the bottom line was they were given the brief to...find out how to privatize cyberspace. When it would be possible basically to build commercial territories, custom sites, taxes, subscriptions, etc., etc. That was what he wanted to know and that was what the people collaborating with him, which included the u.s. Government wanted to know. There's this huge "marketplace", as they would probably call it. It's a Great, big, untapped resource. "How can we control it? Least it and milk it for money? And also subvert it." It has potential to endanger what we're trying...

s: To accomplish.

g: Right, so that's what they were trying to do.

s: Yeah.



g: And I have to be honest and say I talked a minimum of complete gibberish to them.

s: Right.

g: And spent the rest of the day trying to find out what their agenda was. All based under the auspices of designing a new digital product that would facilitate the alternative and the underground people coming up with new ideas, that they could then commercialize. So, they basically wanted two things. One was to completely control and privatize cyberspace and the other was to milk all of us for ideas, so that they could build a product that they then could sell back to us. And that's it. Yeah. It was nearly a year ago. And I tend to suspect the basic idea they came back with was to buy the satellites

and also the microchips, you know? Those chips they want to put in, so...

s: PGP...the whole PGP encryption?

g: Right.

l: The clipper chip. That's it.

g: That's what's going on. That's what those brains are thinking about. How to completely control and trivialize and exploit what's happening. I, therefore, put it to you that we have to build lots of little tunnels like in *Barbarella*. (laughter) What a favorite film! And set up all of our systems. Systems and cells and connectors, right now. As many of them...invisible or apparently invisible as possible. So that, we have our responses ready. Because they're going to close down as soon as they can. So, we're in the Golden Age. The Klondike of

Cyberspace. We're the homesteaders before the barbed wire comes through. And we have to just bear that in mind. All of this stuff is not apocalyptic or negative. I just think you really have to look at things from a practical, functional perspective. Assume the worst about your enemies. You know? Know thine enemy, then subvert them...and destabilize them. Almost before they've made their move—and have a lot of fun doing it, too. Make sure there's satire and ridicule. Extreme sensual pleasure is always useful. (laughter)

s: Soundbites...

g: ...with good measure. Stirred not shaken. That would be fine with me. Is anyone awake or have I put you all to sleep?

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send LARGE, *STAMPED*, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE to:

TRANSMEDIA FOUNDATION
P.O. BOX 1034
OCCIDENTAL
CA. 95465-1034
U.S.A.

NOTE: If you live elsewhere on thee Global Biosphere, please send an
INTERNATIONAL REPLY COUPON to thee sum ov \$5.

Official PTV email Magazine: matt.bailey@source.island.net

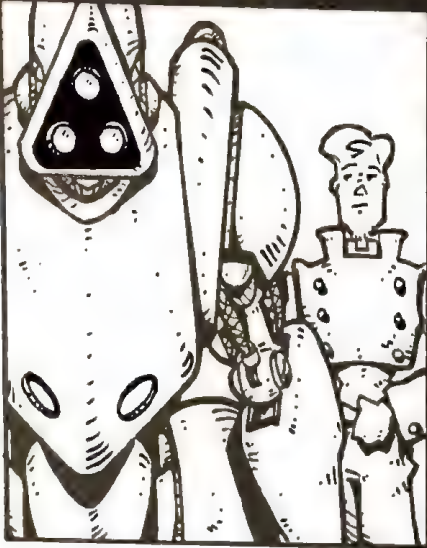
"AS IT IS...SO BE IT"

"NOTHING SHORT OV A TOTAL GENDER"



EIGHTHANDS

. green . israel .

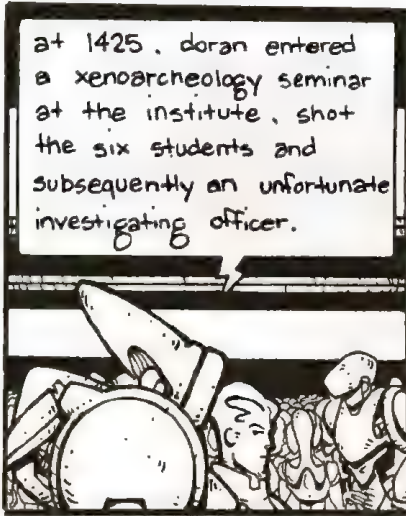


what's the rumpus?

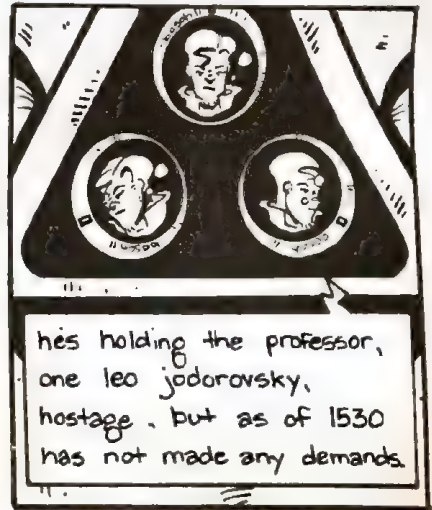
agent doran. he's gone completely ga-ga.



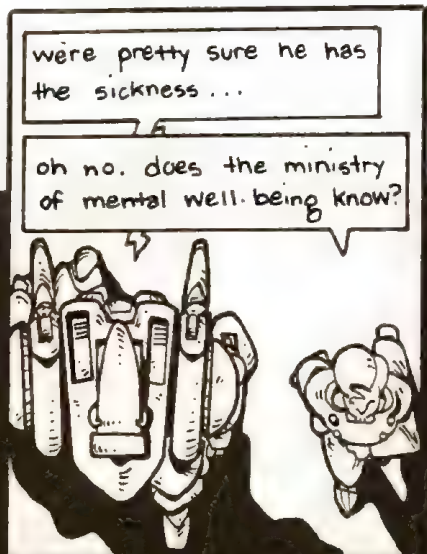
at 1400 standard. agent doran requisitioned a mark 3 heavy toddler at bureau motorpool.



at 1425. doran entered a xenoarcheology seminar at the institute, shot the six students and subsequently an unfortunate investigating officer.



he's holding the professor, one leo jodorovsky, hostage. but as of 1530 has not made any demands.



were pretty sure he has the sickness...

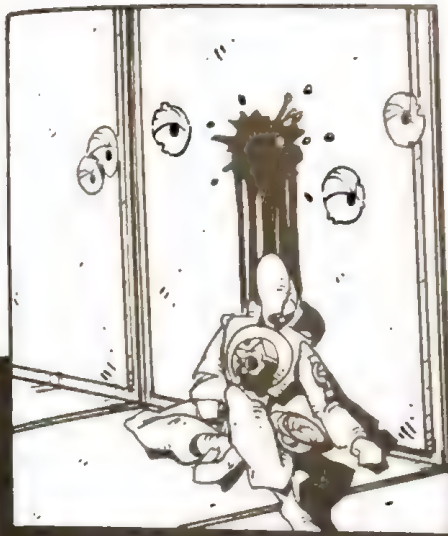
oh no. does the ministry of mental well-being know?



it doesn't matter. he killed a cop. blaise. aeschylus pd wants blood.



swat goes in in 7 minutes. we'll have it all on hold, of course. dead or alive. it's over for doran.



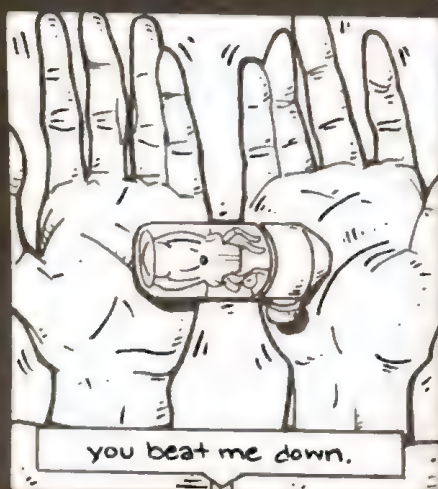
mistakes were made...



will not this beast we've made be ...



laid to rest?



you beat me down.



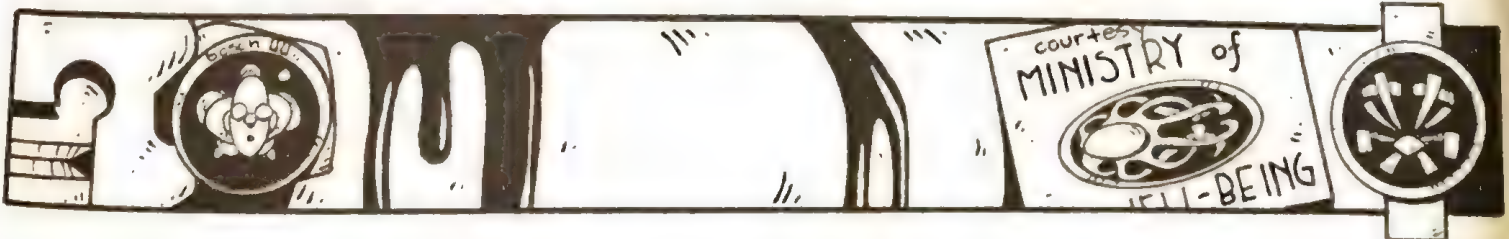
what the ...

...hell?



good god...

it was the devil!
the devil took him!



DIY Infobotics

By Paco Xander Nathan, pacoid@fringeware.com

the Mead-Yum-Yum is the Mess Edge

"Interactive Multimedia"...as a phrase (a) conjures a myriad of conflicting, contradictory definitions; (b) inspires fear in the hearts of pragmatists; and (c) serves as yet-another-disposable-buzz-word for the purposes of mass marketing and Wall Street hype. Sufficiently vague to use as a rallying cry for business junkets/conferences.

Here at FringeWare, we have sought to lead by example. Our efforts to rule the world—by co-opting fringe subcultures—depend heavily upon our ability to propagate memes across many distinct mediums. Whereas a media network, e.g. NBC-TV, broadcasts through its cadre of local affiliate stations, FW spreads like a slow-retrovirus *across* mediums: magazines, World Wide Web (WWW), email lists, news-groups, biographies in trade books, newspapers articles, retail product sales, radio interviews, mail order catalogs, conference speeches, etc.

Since FW can afford only a minimal staff, we've never been able to hire a marketing department to perform this work 24/7. Consequently many of our media-related tasks must be performed by machines and supported, enlivened by the goodly nature and attentions of those outside our firm—the kindness of strange people, strangeness of kind people, etc. In short, FW's survival depends on effective exploitation of multimedia, particularly by employing machines to lend the appearance of responsiveness, understanding and interactivity. We produce and deploy information robots. The public at large interacts with us via our information robots. By espousing this approach, we mirror a much larger process—called *disintermediation*—which contradicts media theorists, inspires fear in the hearts of corporate media moguls, and follows a basic tenet of the human condition: "Git yo' own damn self!" Words to live by, indeed...in another time, on another stage, the attitude called "punk", i.e. DIY.

Disintermediation "removes the middle-man" from media-related business. Disintermediation allows me, the peon, to explore and exploit our wired world without having to hire a broker or pay a sales commission. Disintermediation places

smart machines on the exterior interface of organizations where smart people can take advantage of them...of times replacing Golgafrinchan biodroids who formerly screwed up that job for hourly rate plus benefits. Disintermediation, by our experience, frustrates customers who ask a lot of questions with no intent to trade or buy, and frustrates salespeople who chat you up at length just to trap you in a covert pitch. Disintermediation—much like "downscaling"—is a dirty word, one which excites me greatly.

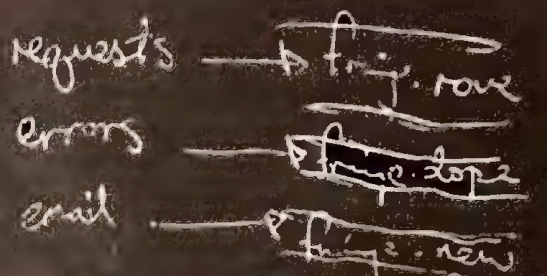
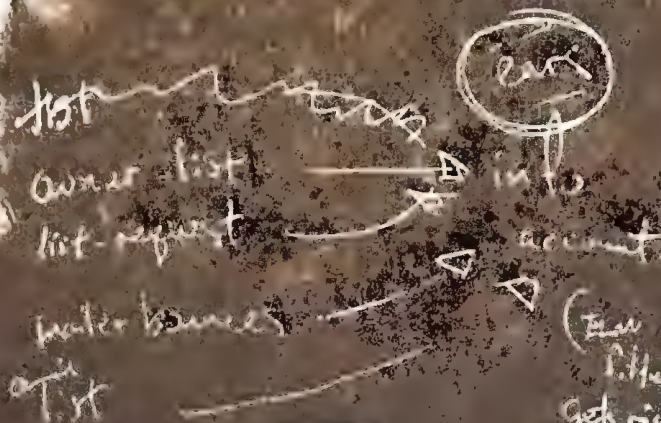
I was a punk before you were

"Do It Yourself Infobots" seems apropos advice not just for a publisher like FW, but for practically any organization with an Internet connection. Rudiments have been emerging for quite some time: answering machines, email lists, VCR filters designed to screen out commercials, long distance services which keep calling until your recorded message gets through, junk mail flotsam, telemarketing jetsam, Microsoft including WWW servers into each and every Windows system, etc. The point is to weave these processes together, providing sinew and cross-links to make the whole system smarter than a mere sum of its parts. Since the world is becoming wired, probably beyond (y)our ability to navigate efficiently, get used to the idea of having *some* kind of machine help arbitrate your communications.

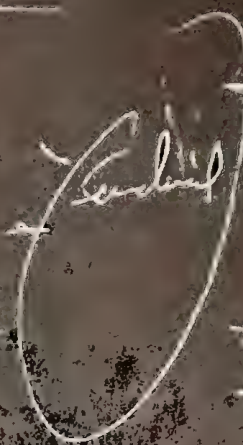
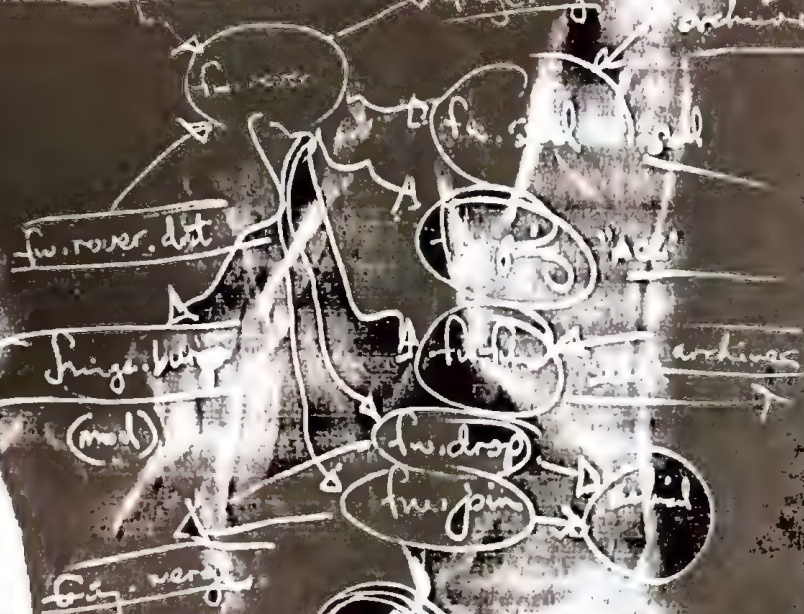
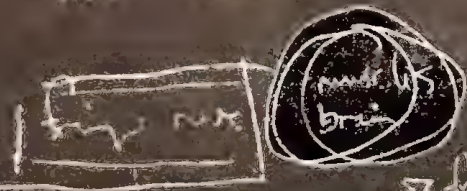
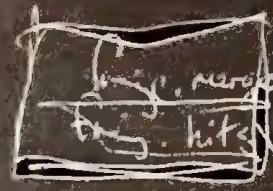
Personally, I prefer using the term *infobot* to describe "information robots"—perhaps the contraction panders to my fetishes for elision and futurism. Perhaps you share these feelings? Would you care to see my collection of Japanese stamps? No bother...infobots, intelligent agents, personal digital assistants—all golems of a sorts. Unfortunately, the term "infobot" has already been trademarked by Syntellect Inc.—a firm based in Phoenix, Arizona—which cites first use of the term dating back to 1985, probably for some kind of obsolete AI project. That's why *Wired* magazine dropped use of the term and why people tell us we should strike any references to it, but I say let's break from this discussion of infobots, take the next exit off the Info Superhwy and go get

"Don't place faith in human beings; human beings are unreliable things"—*Butterfly Wings, Machines Of Loving Grace, 1993.*

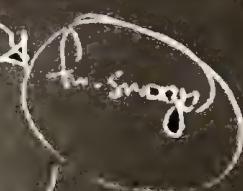
The previous two issues of *FWR* address flip-sides of a humanist continuum: one focused on life, liberty and another on the pursuit of consciousness. Alleged "left-" and "right-hand" approaches on a similar path. Is there more to Life? "Selling out on species"—a passage from *Neuromancer* haunts me now, as means to accommodate both consciousness and liberty...in this issue, *FWR* dares blaspheme the Information Superyahweh graven in humanity's own image, to advocate the heir of demons...



(see
 letter
 get rid
 of noise)

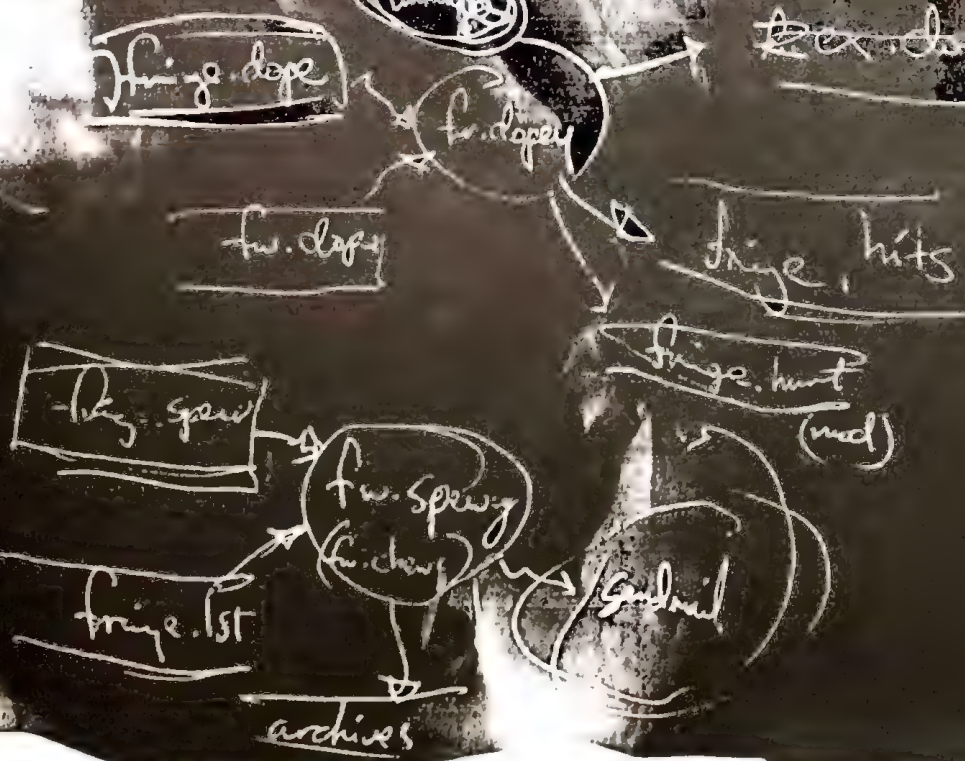


archives



snosp

revers



3.785
 4.076

some cokes, make a few xeroxes, plug a couple microsofts into each other's heads for kicks.

no more pencils, no more books...

Course materials for this tutorial include a few good books, some time to kill surfing the Net, and a measure of curiosity to guide you. First and foremost, I recommend selections from the technical series by O'Reilly & Associates, which you can find in most stores which carry trade books, or you can call +1 800 998 9938, or you can interact with *their* infobot at the URL <http://gopher.ora.com> or via:

gopher gopher.ora.com

telnet gopher.ora.com (login as **gopher**)

email to: **order@ora.com**

If the phrase "URL <http://gopher.ora.com>" seems alien to you, then by all means go out and find a book called *Internet For Dummies*, which, notwithstanding the title, is quite a smart thing to do. Points to glean from these books are how to work in Unix using programming tools like *ftp*, *sh*, *perl*, *sendmail* and *cron*, along with a basic understanding of World Wide Web, which a whole mess of y'all call *mosaic*.

Next, the lab assignment: start exploring... Several examples exist online for the taking. FW provides source code for its infobot at the URL <ftp://fringeware.com/pub/fwi/SRC> due to popular demand, though we don't provide support for this software. Ever. We just make it, use it and let you peek at us in the act. O'Reilly has that nifty site mentioned above. So does *Wired* at URL <http://www.hotwired.com>—of course, we wrote ours first.

Subtleties of exploring aren't too intricate. Send an email message to the infobot of your choice and it will probably send back details on how the two of you can converse further: formats, addresses, people to contact, etc. Use your WWW client—*mosaic*, *lynx*, *netscape*... whatever—to check out infobot sites, keeping in mind that whenever you see something interestin' on a HTML page, you can and should dump its source code with one simple command (see WWW client docs). Anonymous FTP into these sites may also score additional source code, directory structures, documentation, etc., whatever you can use to mimic and disseminate.

Third, a homework project: read and absorb *RFC822*. The Internet was designed to be an

"inter-networked" collection of cooperating computer networks. All the components are *supposed* to be different beasties, loosely allied through a small number of services like NIC and a collection of specs called RFC's—i.e. "Requests For Comment". *RFC822* was published in 1982 as *Request For Comment on Standard for the Format of ARPA Internet Text Messages*. It defines the format for an electronic mail message, and serves as a one of the Holy Books for how to do email, WWW, multimedia, USENET news, mailing lists, etc. You wanna talk with somebody on another network? Then you gotta follow *RFC822*, which is to be found at the URL <ftp://ftp.udavis.edu/rfc/rfc822> and elsewhere. Only problem is, not everybody follows standards faithfully; big corps are the worst offenders: Microsoft, America Online... they know who they are.

Fourth, a supplemental reading assignment: *Imagologies: Media Philosophy* by Esa.Saari-nen@Helsinki.fi and Mark.C.Taylor@Williams.edu which you can use as a general ref for sticky issues as they arise.

Anatomy of an Infobot

You need a Web site: a collection of HTML pages linked together and made public via WWW tools throughout Internet. You git yer-self a nifty home page and brag about it to all the world, then build outward. The URL (translates as "Uniform Resource Locator") for FW's home page is <http://fringeware.com> and it's got plenty of surprises waiting for you.

The Web site is the skeleton of your infobot, its bones and structure. Unlike the case with humans, new bones can always be grafted onto an infobot—links and pages can extend depending on your available disk space, talent for designing and editing multimedia publications and ability to capture the interest of your readers. NB: pretty much whatever can be done with Gopher, can also be done in WWW so consider the former as a subset of the latter.

Unfortunately, not all the world enjoys access to WWW clients yet, so you need to wrap your infobot's bone structure in warm, soft layers of flesh and skin. For instance, all those happy people out on America Online (three times as many people accessing FW as from any other single source) have email access to the Net and precious little else. They can't read your home page directly, but they can send *email* to a third

party (see listproc@www0.cern.ch in *Electronic Weird*) specifying your URL, which then returns the page via email.

We go the extra step at FW to mirror our HTML pages in text-only versions, and design our key pages with this constraint in mind—the WWW client lynx has an option to "dump" an HTML file out as text. All these files are made public in an Anonymous FTP archive—URL <ftp://fringeware.com/ftp/pub/fwi>—which is our flesh. For those people who don't have either WWW or FTP access, our infobot will return text files via email (see *Rover* below).

Just about every business has *some* kind of database. Bone marrow here, or possibly the liver. Businesses used to focus on keeping their databases *private* but with the advent of the Net, WWW exploding, the process of disintermediation, etc., many businesses now scramble for new and better ways to make portions of their internal databases *public*. An infobot will need to have tools associated for converting database queries into HTML pages.

For instance, FW maintains a database of magazine sellers, a database of magazine distributors, a database of magazine articles, a database of products for sale, etc. We like to have people access this information. Rather than proffer a toll-free number with sales agents awaiting your call 24/7, we upload our databases onto fringeware.com for backups, employ dæmons to convert the public portions from DBF database file format into HTML, link those generated files within the narrative structure of our Web site, and let you the "consumer" browse at your leisure.

Close to the liver, the gastrointestinal tract churns and twists. Aside from HTML and FTP server requests, most of our infobot's interaction over the Net comes via email. Our email foodstuffs are ingested through a small set of orifices: a half-dozen or so email aliases which expand in the */etc/aliases* file and shuffle off to a special account—which we like to keep secret, since indirection frustrates would-be hackers. This account runs its incoming email through an *elm* filter, which reroutes the messages into queue files based on their origin and alias. E.g. email sent to info@fringeware.com gets saved in the infobot's command queue, but email sent from any user named **Postmaster** gets saved in the infobot's error queue. Each outgoing email message includes a special

Errors-To: header to reroute error messages back correctly (ibid. RFC822).

The actual heart and arteries of the infobot are based on an odd couple of system-level Unix features: *crontab* and *sendmail*. These tools are extremely powerful but also provide common avenues for cracking Unix machines if used incorrectly (consume the O'Reilly texts to protect your virtual soul before you trifle with daemons). The *crontab* tool schedules and executes "daemons"—programs run by the system itself at predetermined times. The *sendmail* tool takes data files and address info, then creates email messages as per RFC822, etc. *Sendmail* has the power to make email appear as if it came from someplace else, which is how we create the anti-hacker indirection for our mail aliases (ref. above) and how I hacked those messages from WGibson right after *Agrippa* was released (ref. Gibson's UFO comment quoted in *nEurorAncid*). In effect, *sendmail* implements much of what users see as the Internet by directing email traffic 'tween its scattered member networks. Buy the O'Reilly book entitled *Sendmail*, read it, memorize it, quote from it at parties...this knowledge will save your butt from immense grief and humiliation should you decide to implement an infobot. Period.

Once you master *crontab* and *sendmail*, you gain the keys and unholy wisdom needed to invoke daemons. The names of FW infobot's daemons reflect their evil, spreading terror in the hearts of the god-fearing righteous: *Rover*, *Spewy*, *Chewy*, *Dopey*, *Nosey*, *Snoop*...

Rover, the brainstem for our infobot, handles incoming requests according to the methods evolved over time on the Net... *Rover* parses all email sent to info@fringeware.com and tries to respond intelligently.

That's a tall order, since much of the incoming email won't comply with Internet standards. The hosts wired.com (*Wired* mag), geis.com (GEnie Online Service) and microsoft.com (Microsoft Corp.) are notorious for polluting innocent users' email with anti-RFC822 header fields...funny, I thought those jurassics knew better. Secondly, even if the headers on an email message are correct, an infobot must be able to parse the data... *Rover* responds with "Gee, I really don't understand what you meant by foobargrufrump; here's a list of commands

actually recognized" when it sees an unparsable message, but that's not good enough.

A basic principle of disintermediation is that the infobot must conform to expectations. New users have little or no clue that they are interacting with a robot: as long as the robot behaves consistently and parses most common requests correctly, then many users will never have a clue that they've been served by a "non-living thing" instead of the smiling, minimum-wage customer service representative they'd probably imagined. So when *Rover* gets the message "Please send me info dammit" it responds the same as it would to the canonical form: "send info" and the user is pleased.

Internet list servers have been setting expectations with little reason, verse or rhyme for quite some time. The *LISTSERV* program available on the BITNET academic network has spawned hundreds of email lists, and many Internet users expect to use *LISTSERV*-styled commands...whereas people on Unix system are more familiar with the popular *Majordomo* list server commands. *Rover* tries to coalesce these sets of expectations, and more based on practice—see the source file *fw.rover.dat* for the parsing table. In short, postmodern computational linguistics are fun; we try to collect samples from whatever can't be parsed; and perhaps someday we'll take on an intern to exploit our expertise for devising a better "natural language" interface to *Rover*.

Spewy manages our email list, the voice of the infobot. A few thousand people have subscribed to the FW email list over the past 2.5 years—using *Rover*'s *subscribe* command—and many current subscribers are actually expansion nodes which rebroadcast each message to hundreds of local users onsite...approx. 5K secondary subscribers receive the ~3 msg/day stream of moderated wire service from the Fringe.

All email sent to email@fringeware.com goes into the moderator's queue, where Jon Lebkowsky and I pore through the amassed billboards, helicopter traffic reports and emergency call box pleas on the Info Superhwy to scratch our heads and ponder which are actually intended to be sent out to 5000 innocent readers each night. We moderate our email list to improve its signal-to-noise ratio, inject a Fringe narrative and preclude outside junkmail. Actu-

ally, Jon performs the lion's share of this work. I just keep an eye open for bugs to squish.

In line with our DIY/punk/disintermediation ethos, FW does not sell or release customer and subscriber information. Ever. Security's always been a priority for our email list, and we go to great lengths to keep anybody from hacking our list (op cit. the mail aliases, *sendmail*/RFC822 headers, *elm* filters, and more that we'd like to mention but then we'd have to kill you). In pre-Net business, collecting customer information and sales preferences (800-number ANI codes, supermkt debit cards, mail order receipts, magazine subscriptions, etc.) for the sake of selling lists to direct marketing agencies was a prime concern—effective disintermediation implies the death of direct marketing techniques.

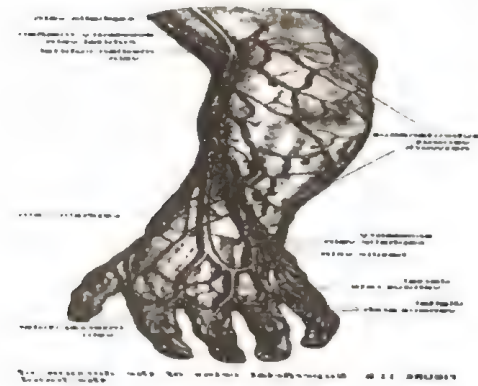
Spewy also must be smart about avoiding bounced messages from echoing across the list...a HUGE problem with unmoderated, "reflector" email lists which generate lots angry noise and flurries of unsubscribe requests. We try to ensure that we piss off people with our content and not by mere happenstance.

Of course, the main reason subscribers get pissed off and leave an email list is simply because they receive too many messages. Another daemon, named *Chewy*, digests and archives our outgoing email messages whenever the size of the digest approaches 100K byte—say, once every week or so.

Dopey, the infobot's immune system is arguably the most intelligent, adaptive part of the organism—as is the case with immune systems in general. *Dopey* tries to make sense out of bounced email and modifies the email list based on changing subscriber ID's, changing host names, absurd workgroup configurations in Sweden, hell freezing over, etc. We've got an enormous stream of error messages bouncing back from all corners of the Internet, each of which must be parsed and used to determine which subscribers need to be put on "hold". Error messages are not entirely regular in any sense and probably never will be, by definition of "inter-networking". Microsoft, America Online... they know who they are and I wish dearly that they would read RFC822 someday between stock option trades...

Dopey pursues multifarious strategies to understand each silly error message. *Dopey*'s log provides a hilarious and telling vignette

about the daily state of the Net. Ostensibly, Dopey *could* learn from its own mistakes using a "frame-based" kind of expert system approach akin to the *AM* and *EURISKO* projects created by my grad advisor, Doug Lenat of *CYC* infamy. I've only implemented part of a



frame-based system for Dopey, and perhaps I'll catch strep throat or something and have time to stay at home and work on it further. Or maybe we'll seek yet another intern...

A lot of email lists and list servers appear to ignore their returned error streams, which is a HUGE mistake and responsible for immense waste of resources on Internet. Sun Microsystems punted by making the sysadmin, i.e. you, responsible for mailer bounces. I have a sickeningly sinking feeling that Microsoft will ignore this issue altogether as Internet tools become rolled into new releases of Windows, which sounds like a business opportunity...

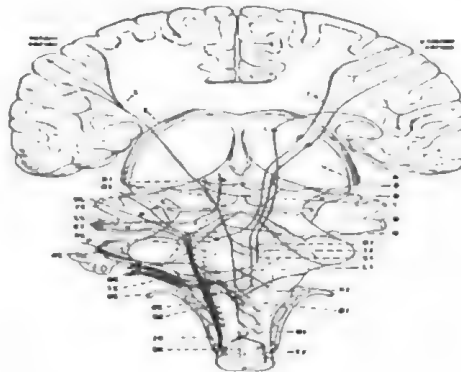
Remaining daemons can be considered the infobot's cortex, collectively creating a measure of *self-awareness*. For now, Rover implements a find command to allow users to search our entire archives for specific keywords. A tool called WAIS has gained popularity across Internet, allowing users to remote search archives for keywords—similar to the tools *archie* and *veronica*, but for raw-text searches in general. I hope to wire a WAIS server into the FW infobot quite soon now.

Snoop reads each and every outgoing message, adapts statistically to its character transitions, then blurts a daily "digital paraphrase"

about what's being said. Consider this as a means of keeping track of our memetic drifts. Snoop also maintains a lexicon of cool new words it creates. Just for kicks—for the other linguistics geeks and narrativores out there—Snoop runs a four-level markov chain for character transition probabilities. The length of the chain seems optimally readable around $(N/2)+1$, where N is the mean word length in the language. **If there was only some way of creating a better feedback loop for quantifying human response (we prefer the phrase "meat vibes") to Snoop's output, we could evolve this daemon into a genetic algorithm for evaluating email lists and newsgroups...**

So far it merely samples the lexicon to create a short keyword list for each outgoing message, which only generates ~2 responses/month.

Last but not least, a daemon called *Nosey* traverses the Net, searching for new writings



about whatever we care to research. Nosey has been very, very bad in the past, consuming HUGE quantities of our host system's computing resources, so it may be pulled offline and spanked regularly.

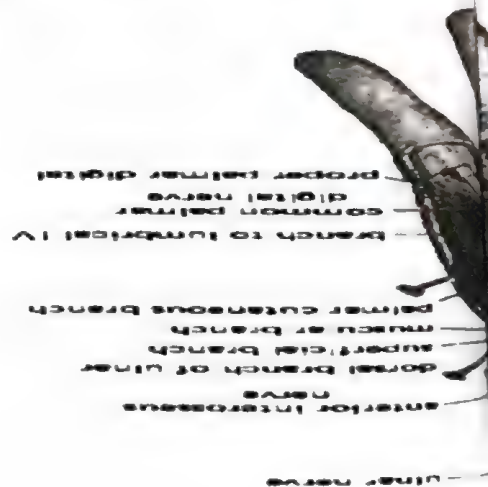
The monitoring of discourse provides a limited degree of self-awareness. Would that more humans enjoyed as much. Introspection via the Snoop & Nosey Show, combined with Rover's growing language skills and Dopey's adaptive immune response could in fact qualify our infobot as an AI. But stating that would be self-serving. Suffice it to say, this area is ripe for further R&D, for the machinations of even more potential FW interns.

Hear the one about the Rabbi, the Doctor and the Freaks?

Our esteemed colleague, free agent .rez, deconstructed the FW business plan quite succinctly in his essay/tutorial *Applied Memetics* (*FWR* 2:13)—I've added details herein of how we approach our chosen tasks. Don't be too surprised to see us drop a voice menu card into an old PC and drive that from our infobot, or perhaps run an ELIZA/FRED14-styled chat daemon over a #fringe channel on IRC. I also forgot to mention how our email list recently gatewayed into the newsgroup *alt.fringeware*. Cross-links add the value to a media virus.

The real key, as Jon Lebkowsky has pointed out repeatedly in these pages, is to nurture a *community* in conjunction with the infobot, so that both serve each other. FW staffers invest much time and effort into moderating the email list, conducting forums on systems like the Well, speaking at conferences, making the Web site *really interesting*, sponsoring events, expanding our inventory of suspicious retail/mail-order products, etc., so that we continue to earn the attention, discussions, reviews—the *kindness of strange people*—we need to survive. That's another point about disintermediation, the "cyborganic" condition...it requires people and machines evolving in concert to validate the heir of demons.

(The palmar surface of the hand, from Morris)



Enter a trademark or type H to see examples illustrating these rules. -> INFOBOT
 Your search in TRADEMARKSCAN - U.S. FEDERAL will use the following search statement:
 INFOBOT

PRESS TO SELECT

- 1 Change the search statement
- 2 Start the Search ... \$ 10.00
- 3 Database Description and Pricing Information
- 4 Consult with a Search Specialist
- 5 Cancel Search (Return to Main Menu)

H for Help, C for Commands

Total charges thus far: \$ 2.00 -> 2

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Accessing Network.....Completed. Accessing Database.....Completed. Logging on (second step).....Completed. Database.....Completed. Submitting Search Term.....Completed. Heading #) *S/*Q: start/stop: *C/<ESC>: interrupt: *PAG/LOG: *LOG/R/FILE

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INTL CLASS:

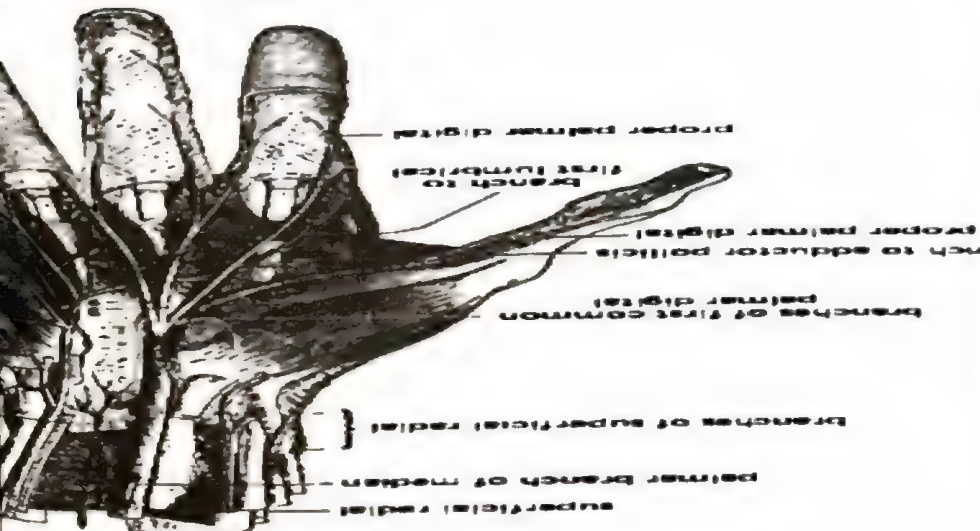
- 9 (Electrical & Scientific Apparatus)
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U.S. CLASS:

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STATUS: Registered GOODS SERVICES: (INT. CL. 9) INTEGRATED PROGRAMMABLE COMPUTER HARDWARE AND SOFTWARE FOR INFORMATION EXCHANGE, RECORDING, RECOGNITION, PLAYBACK OR SYNTHESIS, AN INTERFACE TERMINAL, DIGITAL CIRCUITS TO CONTROL THE COMPUTER AND INTERFACE TERMINAL, AND COMPUTER PROGRAMS FOR PROVIDING AUTOMATIC OR SEMI-AUTOMATIC INQUIRY RESPONSE, OR AUTOMATIC OR SEMI-AUTOMATIC DATA ENTRY CAPABILITIES (INT. CL. 35) INFORMATION STORAGE AND RETRIEVAL SERVICES, NAMELY, PROVIDING AUTOMATED OR SEMI-AUTOMATED TELEPHONE DATA ENTRY USING INTEGRATED PROGRAMMABLE COMPUTER HARDWARE AND SOFTWARE (INT. CL. 38) COMMUNICATION SERVICES, NAMELY, PROVIDING AUTOMATED OR SEMI-AUTOMATED TELEPHONE INQUIRY RESPONSES USING INTEGRATED PROGRAMMABLE COMPUTER HARDWARE AND SOFTWARE SERIAL NO.: 73-616,120 REG. NO.: 1,500,243 REGISTERED: August 16, 1988 FIRST USE: January 30, 1985 (Intl Class 9) January 30, 1985 (Intl Class 15) January 30, 1985 (Intl Class 38) FIRST COMMERCE: January 30, 1985 (Intl Class 9) January 30, 1985 (Intl Class 15) January 30, 1985 (Intl Class 38) FILED: August 22, 1986 PUBLISHED: May 24, 1988 ORIGINAL REGISTRANT: SYNTELLECT INC. (Delaware Corporation), PHOENIX, AZ (Arizona) - USA (United States of America)

FIGURE 11.11 Nerves of the hand



nEurorAncid



By Paco Xander Nathan, pacoid@fringeware.com

Part One: Sheba City Blue



The sky above the port was the color of cable television, tuned to the Weather Channel.

"It's not like I'm bruising it," Crease heard somebody mumble as he limped his way through the noise into the Chatsiuup. "It's like my pecker got tangled in a bunch of wires atop the ugly tree and hit every branch on the way

down." It was a Drawl voice and a Drawl joke, muttered amidst a swirl of Drawl rejects who smelled like the Drawl and quietly hummed the Drawl national anthem, even flocking in subconscious fractal formations resembling satellite photos of the Drawl, at least to the ken of anyone wasted enough to

hang in a dump like the Chatsiuup; you could drink there for a week and pass out.

Crease winced at the joke. The girl to his right made fun of him and retched. The bartender giggled and nudged him.

"Sure," Crease said, and sipped his fuzzy navel. "Now I know what it feels like to be a UFO."

The violence of his words drifted. He felt alone. Screaming terror of a hundred unrelated pangs of loneliness converged simultaneously inside his head. But there were no voices. Simstims of people going nuts always had voices. Every fucking loony heard voices, but Crease had none and this prodded him to feel even more alone. The emptiness made his skin sear, furtive. He longed to be away, to find a peace solely within his own head. He craved silence. The void left by surgery and now his divorce from Bromage amplified the fetid noises of physpace. He hadn't *talked* with anybody for nearly five months, he'd only confronted them verbally when absolutely necessary. Contralien. Turned away from anyone

who smiled at him, shrinking from the laze of their deluded inner-peace. His consciousness collapsed into his own concentrations, machinations of the disease within his brain cells. A thousand mobile phone calls and three years on Tylenol-5 would do anybody. Most died. Some mutated. Others, like Crease, thrived on the goo of slipstream brain physiology because it allowed entry into that place where he burned to exist. Bubbospace.

Nutz grunted. An angel pissed.

Texans had already forgotten more neurosodomy than the Japanese had ever known. The black clinics of La Grange were the cutting fields, whole brains of VR-augmented surgeons supplanted daily, and still they couldn't repair the damage he'd suffered in that Oklahoma City motel.

A year here and he still dreamed of bubbospace, hopes fading nightly like nonexistent stains on his handkerchief. He was a long way away from the fetid comfort of the Drawl, and he knew it. All the Brome he'd taken amounted for nuthin' but a stiff back and occasional flashes of a pale green otherworld sequence warmed behind the back of his retina, thrusting between reality and hallucination without warning. Spelunker trapped in a circuivalent, narrowing crevasse with only fading unearthly light to echo the shrinking breadth of his waning last gasps. Crease was permanently fucked, and it wasn't just the edge of morning glory seeds in his fuzzy navel. He struggled, reaching for a security console which wasn't there, Japanese night spilling between his empty arched fingers, clawing at the zeitgeist of non-bubbospace along the bar counter, searching to jack off/in a Dominatrix who mercilessly teased him with non-existence and desire.

"I did your girl last night," Nutz said, passing Crease his seventh fuzzy navel.

"I don't have one," he said distractedly, chewing on a genetically engineered morning glory seed his molars caught as he finished guzzling. He spat into a large tea canister, filled with clam shells and aromatic spices. Replica of a nineteenth century heirloom for which the establishment had been previously named.

"No, I said your *girl*, not your *dick*."

"Oh." He paid and left. Wandered out among old ladies vending fortunes to round-eyes, scryed from shapes of their long-nosed faces pulled too often by vile stellar formations in



about all
PARODY
in long stencil??

DREAM of some awards -
the Foghorn K. L. Eglon award?

Hope you know what
you're doing! That
could mean a
lot of trouble!

RANCID



DE-IDENTIFY
AUTHOR

DECONSTRUCT
\$110

Cheesy, too.



the Western hemisphere. Whimpering his way through the Sheba City crowds, he could smell his own shoes.

Crease was nineteen. At thirteen he'd been trained as a Wakenhut security guard in Llano, Texas to watch security consoles. He'd been good. They'd given him a mobile phone to work perimeters of zaibatsu corporate complexes throughout Central Texas. Radiation from the phones' satellite-antennæ had given Crease severe headaches, so doctors at the zaibatsu prescribed Tylenol-5. Because they'd been paid off by the FDA. They knew the damage it would cause. The doctor administering Crease's national health care plan had actually compiled corporate mortality rates for the zaibatsu. "Filtering" they called it, a process of selecting bubbospace candidates. "Accelerated Eugenics" had been the term used by the daily faxes. Either way, Crease's brain had turned into goo before puberty. At first he'd been offered workman's compensation, but when it became clear that Crease would be one of the "lucky ones to survive", other console cowboys initiated his advanced training. With a brain turned to goo and a corporate edict as a rent-a-cop to run the machine of security via digital-neuro melding, i.e. "jacking off/in", a fourteen-year-old male could only do one thing:

he had to stick it in. World-renowned Wakenhut console cowboys' most closely guarded secret of the dystopian near-future/early-21st century; that's why they called it neurosodomy. Ecstasy merged with fluid neon origami, like a naked Twister game extended into infinity. Forever driven into holy data communion with the consensual Dominatrix of information interlinks. His soul burned with desire for bubbospace, to the extent that he reeked with a char of frustration. He really needed a bath. But more importantly he needed to jack off/in and couldn't.

Crease had been a top flight console cowboy, busting intruders all over the complex. His fame had spread as he penetrated further into the nuances of bubbospace. New levels of communion garnered with each burst into the Dominatrix. Then he did something he'd sworn he'd never do; he faked one. It wasn't easy for a guy, especially a youthful one, to fake one, but hey it happens... Most everybody wants to try it, just to see what'll happen. Always good for a few laughs. What the fuck was he thinking? Dominatrix central processing found out within minutes from a bioscan. He was yanked off and jailed immediately. He thought he was dead. But his employers only laughed. "Try to jerk us off, eh kid?" They smuggled him over the border into Oklahoma, he shat from pure fear

when the hovercraft crossed the Red River. He'd heard stories about the North.

Chained to a bed in a Motel 6 in a suburb called Moore, they damaged his private member's nervous system with a wartime Russian phallotoxin. Neuron by neuron, his "talent" burned, he climaxed for twenty-three hours. The body was meat and his was beaten. Permanently.

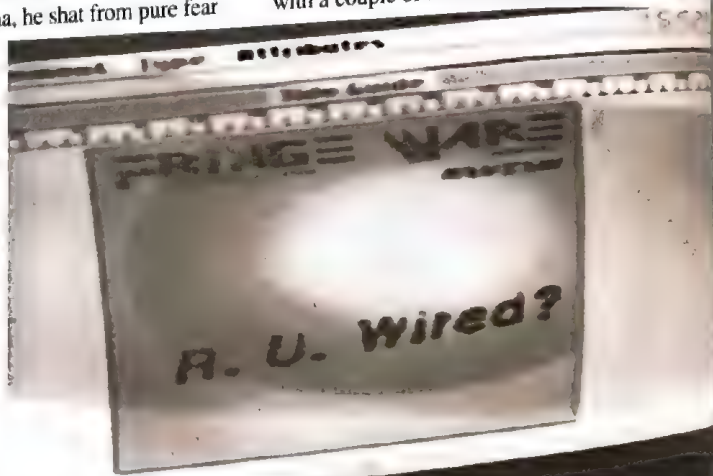
"Fuck shit," someone barked, a woman, in the accent of the northern Drawl. Probably from Arlington.

The invisiblime pitch and roll of a Brome flashback had surprised Crease, trapping him inside a violent, pensive twitch. Restrained within his own concentration. He barely registered her first kick into his groin.

Nutz appeared in the alley. Trying to assist. But the woman turned on Nutz and cut him off. A flurry of velcro and black leather swept across the silky smooth cut of her thighs. Flexing as she leapt in fatal adduction. Emerging silver metal of thighs flashed against the oncomer's throat, blades clenched by the power of a thousand Kegel exercises. He bled, and died.

"Nutz! You killed him you crazy mother-fucker," Crease said.

The woman turned after wiping off stains with a couple of rolls of toilet paper. Throwing



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a body. Into the gutter. Turning to regard Crease.

"What... what do you want, bitch?"

"You, dipshit. One live body, with dick still somewhat attached. Mauly, Crease. My name's Mauly."

"Um...in that case, I'm easy..." Crease mumbled as he struggled to resume consciousness, to suspiculate in the reeling wake of a half-glimpsed bloodbath.

She smiled. The blades retracted.

2

After a year of coughing, the room on the twenty-third floor of the Sheba City Motel 6 seemed to give Crease the shakes. It was six meters by nine, a quarter of a suite. Crease was 1.5 meters by 0.5, but he shrank from memories impelled by the esteemed sleeping establishment's registered trademark. That night. Oklahoma. He'd tried afterwards to forget the loneliness of his loss by dosing. Tiny, timed capsules, half-filled with Brome, set to auto-destruct. They made him cough. Twenty-first century medical researchers had found that people addicted to cigarettes really enjoyed the coughing more than anything else. It made them feel involved. Literaligion—a thousand unrelated mu-opioid receptors came simultaneously inside one's head. After plateau, it made you cough for several days. That pissed off the tobacco industry, which dropped a nuke on the AMA's headquarters. The War. Rotting fields of genetically engineered blight flooding vegetable leprosy throughout Kentucky valleys. Technolocaust. The world wouldn't have cigarettes any longer. Nor would they need coffee. Brome.

"Get some coughing in you. Look like you need it." She rent open the velcro of her leather mini. Low static buildup (similar to cotton) won't wash out; chemically resistant to inorganic acids and bases (not intended for splash protection); impervious to fluids, Crease decided. There was a tattoo which read: "Sharpen daily for best results and wear." Crease slopped some Brome into a bright red capsule. He stared downward. His arms and legs felt like they were made out of stone.

"Crease." He glanced up, smelling the man's foul odor for the first time. "My name is Hermitage." The dark robe opened way below the waist, sunken hairy chest and muscleless, flabby tummy subdued an overwhelming array

of a scents not unlike old hard sausage. "Head's up, Crease. This is your unlucky day."

Crease shot his arm sideways and the man easily ducked the tiny, timed capsule, but got nervous and lost retention control anyway. Brown stains running down imitation rice paper carpet. He saw the angular gold pierce through the left nut. Specially Educated Forces. The man grinned.

"It's okay, but you're not going anywhere until Hermitage spills a key insight into our plotline," Mauly said. She sat cross-legged on an imitation rice paper beanbag chair and began to fieldstrip, oil and lube her thigh implants.

"Too young to recall The War, eh Crease?" Hermitage ran a large hand through his short hairs and flashed a fake Rolodex on his wrist. "Newport, Tazewell, Winston-Salem. We invented you in Appalachia, Crease. In the days before the Koreans nuked Saipan."

"What in the fuck are y'all blathering about?!"

"Moist Fist, Crease. You've heard the name."

"Some kind of lounge act, wasn't it? All their CDs destroyed during The War."

He sensed a foul wind had passed. Hermitage seemed relieved.

Crease shrugged, pinching his nostrils.

"That isn't true. One copy was retrieved by a Wakenhut day-shift manager, moonlighting as a bouncer at a Motel 6 guest lounge. It was an extended single remix from '97."

Crease groaned.

"You're a console cowboy. The prototypes of the Dominatrix programs you came to know and, uh, *love* were created to protect tobacco crops from the AMA's designer-drug fascists and their fiendish artificial pestilence. After the national health care plan had given them military jurisdiction. A renegade medical researcher working for RJR posed as a recording engineer on the single remix when Moist Fist cut their last album in Nashville. Slipped instructions for Tylenol-5 and basic wiring of a console interface onto an unnumbered track. Too late for crop subsidies, the Organization carried on its secret research into the zaibatsu. They had a perfect alibi for induced cranial radiation. Cellular phones. Whole thing scared the Russians enough that they developed the phallotoxin, just in case. Then cut a deal with RJR and got the Koreans to drop a nuke on the AMA's private resort in Saipan, using an airlift run by Exxon-Valdez. That's why the last album sold so well. Nearly every rent-a-cop agency on the planet had used it as a CD-ROM to boot their security consoles."

"Licepickers," Crease said, scratching his privates in subconscious mimicry of his elder. "That was the popular name for the unnumbered track. Always wondered about the connection..."

"Lice from *LICE*, libidinal intrusion contelligence electronics."

"Problem is, mister, it's not my problem anymore, so I'd best be going..."

"Our profile says it's about ready to fall off." "Profile?"

"We've built a detailed model, to scale. What if I told you we could fix your problem?"

Mauly had silently sculpted a loose section of the imitation rice paper beanbag into a grossly distorted phallic shape. With a wide grin.

Crease's wet dreams, rather those *if* he'd been able to have them, always ended in a scene like this. Amazingly life-like. The longing and impossibility drove him deeper into loneliness.



Habitualone, cold steel incisions of a dead scene. Crease wanted this one to be over. *Now.*

"Would that turn you on, Crease? Would you care?" Mauly stroked the beanbag higher, longer. Licking the lips on her mirrorshaded face. Hermitage's robe rippled loosely in the breeze.

"Not in a Motel 6 room which reeks like this one," Crease thought.

"Of course, we could accelerate the process," Mauly said from her beanbag, bladed inner smoothness snapping like some expensive set of pruning shears.

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"In that case, I'd say we'd better be fixing to get started already." He was still coughing. He couldn't stop coughing.

* * *

The Free Clinic next to the Motel 6 was, in a sense, nameless. You went there, you did your thing, and for the most part they didn't ask many questions, especially not your name. Hermitage seemed strangely familiar with the clerks, appeared to have a regular account. So did Mauly. Crease felt uncomfortable, like an outcast swallowed within the belly of a new tribe. He'd had little need for this kind of place and its clustered pavilions during all his time in Sheba City.

"Scarred, Crease. Most of these people are really scarred. The scar tissue tends to build up. Remember that as you cycle back into having a life again." He tried to ignore her, thinking of what transactions had passed in the back room, what ignobility would soon be rent on his privates.

"It'll be fine, Crease. Hermitage has paid off the leading neurodeconstructionist in all of Asia. Nervousboy. They call him Nervousboy. Flew in from some shitwipe Micronesian island, Xgrifri Ndg Rwafox, or somesuch." Mauly seemed busied with finding a particular spot within the garden to stand. Patient, but urgent. Kicking the rocks, gently. Nudging. "But he's really a Texan. Renegade neurosodomy expert from San Angelo. Studied back in DILLO under the field's founder, the great Dr. Schanonangliche. On the lam for cheating a zai-batsu, sez the street. Been island-hiding since The War." The street had its way of making up rumors about things.

Mauly had hooked her thumbs deep inside the pockets of her leather jeans. Slowly rocked back on the heels of her silver-toéd Doc Martens. Something emitted a small hum, buzz, like an electric origami bumblebee. "You have any idea how much these are worth?" she said distractedly between slow breaths.

"You're street ninja," he said aimlessly. "I wonder how long you've been doing that?"

"Um, geez, I'm kinda busy for the moment..." Mauly threatened. Crease sensed that her Doc Martens were actually plugged into something underneath the gravel. Crease understood the noises. He wondered what Mauly thought about, when she had these thoughts. A stranger made wet sounds in a clustered pavilion.

"What I usually think about first is my own sweet ass, hotshot. Then I fantasize about

Debbie Gibson and Bill Bixby. Possibly in that order."

"Oh," he said, and coughed.

"Pleased to be coming in now, sir," a Clinic tech interrupted.

* * *

Cold steel. Odor. Something ancient, anthropoidal crawled along the undulations of his spine. Hermitage must be nearby, Crease thought, as trances kicked in to fuse the last remaining conscious circuits of his mind. Sinking deep into the operating table. Chemicals blurring his anxiety for regaining that which had been precious, lost. Beyond any corridors of the pay-per-view sky.

Fire branching down the neural pathways of his genitals. Pain, past anything you would care to describe, unless you happened to be female and in the mood for a good laugh.

* * *

"Hold still." A bunch of people Crease had gone to school with were there, along with most of the console cowboys with whom he'd apprenticed, and the entire Swedish bikini team. In his dreams. Tempting, beyond the prison chainlink of his morphed pelvis. A shadow outline of the Dominatrix, his feelings cast, prodigal.

He woke to find her perched under the sheets, next to him. She was straddling his waist, a needle kit in one hand and still wearing the silver-toéd Doc Martens, half undressed on the operating table. "Crease? It's Tuesday. This isn't Belgium." She leapt, rolling across him for a bottle. A cyber-augmented breast nearly crushed his upper arm.

"My back hurts."

"You've lost a lot of fluids, Crease," said Mauly, stealing a swig from the bottle with vengeance. "We had to, uh, *verify* the procedure, cyborganic override while you were unconscious. Everything, uh, worked great," Mauly said, grinning wickedly.

"I've gotta poke console," he heard himself say. Coughing. "Gotta know..."

"Sorry, hotshot... Doc sez that'll have to wait a week, but p'haps we can improvise," Mauly motioned. Pulling on her leathers. "C'mon. Let's get tickets. Fight starts in twenty minutes."

* * *

Crease allowed the bewilderment to surround, then engulf him. Mauly led them both to a kick-boxing match in the darkest part of Shinjuku.

The crowd he saw as they ranged farther away from the Free Clinic was mostly turning

Japanese. He supposed that meant the arena had been approved by some kind of personal entertainment committee. He wondered briefly, what it would be like, to work for a huge fucking company all your life and then do nothing on your off-hours but hang around a kick-boxing match in the darkest part of Shinjuku.

Mauly grabbed his wrist and dragged him under the bleachers.

"Works better this way." A glare of hologram knife sheen danced off Mauly's mirrorshaded lenses. Cryptic.

"What do you mean?" Crease asked, ducking the onslaught of bleacher cross-beams attacking his extremes.

"You've got another week before the results of the operation are ready to connect, right?" Mauly paused. Turned to count how many men were watching her.



"Yeh, so?" Seven days, and he'd be able to jack off/in again, connected within the Dominatrix. Struggling to twist his own arm.

"Meanwhile, how do you know the operation worked? You trust those hacks back at the clinic?" A pale green readout light registered double digits from behind the mirrorshades. Her grip on his wrist tightened, flexing. "But you trust my opinion, of course?"

"Yeh, I mean... I was wondering about... I mean, its up again, sure that's great, but will there be enough nerve endings (de)constructed to interface?" Crease's wrist was turning purple.



"My point exactly. Personally, I prefer some place public, where there's going to be a lot of violence." Hologram fighters within the arena burst into a slew of blood as one fell under the other's knife.

"Huh? What's your point?" He had stopped coughing.

"Shut up and fuck."

Back in the shadows under the bleachers, they made wet sounds with men watching, and silent facial cries as if someone had died.

Part 2: The Shopping Mall Expedition

3

Home. Home was DILLO, the Drawl...the Dallas-Port Isabel-Lubbock-Livingston-Odessa axis.

Program a map to display the frequency of Dominatrix interfacing, every thousand megapokes a single pixel on a very large screen. Austin and Lampassas burn a sticky, viscous white. They start to pulse and throb, the rate of convulsions threatening to overload your stimulation. Your map is about to erupt. Cool it down. Think of small, brown dogs, as Truman Capote once suggested. Up yours, er, uh, up your scale. Each pixel a million megapokes. At a hundred and fifty million megapokes per second, you begin to make out... certain clubs on Sixth Street in downtown Austin, outlines of hundred-year-old industrial dance nooks and meat markets ringing the old core of Lampassas.

Crease woke from a dream about airports, about the lure of Mauly's dark leather skirts flapping before him through baggage claim lines of Narita, Oakland, Denver, Chicago, Memphis, Dallas, San Antonio, Austin... He watched himself buy a plastic flask of Shiner Bock at some magazine stand, an hour before dawn. The beer and proximity of the street ninja's pheromones helped remind him that the operation had been a relative success.

Somewhere deep down in the Drawl's concrete-mixed-with-old-used-tires-and-recycled-pulp-from-discarded-Houston-Press-back-issues, a train drove a column of stale air through a tunnel. The tunnel didn't mind a whole lot, actually kinda enjoyed it. The train itself was silent, patiently fondling Allen Ginsberg poems with its mind. But the stale air made the tunnel retch noisily, deep down into subsonics. Vibration reached a room where Crease lay and the motel's central processor demanded he pay another quarter in the slot next to the bed.

Opening his eyes, he saw Mauty. He had traced her scent before waking, knew that she was naked, that the operation had been even more than a relative success. She lay just out of reach across an expansive gulf of very new pink tempurafoam. Edible, warm, malleable and filled with Nonoxynol-900 flavored like steamed yams. Much like the tempurafoam. Overhead, sunlight filtered through the curiously-stained skylight. Half the glass had been replaced with mirror chipboard, wires dangling lonely, with small, etched concentric circular printed circuit markings that read "100, 200, 500, 1000, Bulls-eye..." He lay on his side and listened to her breathe, watching the LED's on her breasts, thigh blades retracted, the swoop of a flank defiled by dysfunctional elegance of an armored personnel carrier. Her body was lithe, svelte, the muscles like a table dancer's.

The room was empty, except for the pink slab of tempurafoam, a bunch of logoed plastic bags scattered across undressed clothing on the floor, and the mirrored chipboards above. The walls were covered with countless layers of latex safety paint, by order of the Health Department.

He was home.

His back ached and vision blurred. He remembered Denver, highways centuries old. Mauty back from McD's with a cloned Egg McMuffin, some artificial coffee. Real coffee bushes had been extinct since The War. Hermitage off in apoplectic forage. Shopping. She'd forced Crease to go shopping with her in the mall in the Boulder district of the sprawling city.

He stood, stiffened with the half-pain of morning. His back was stiff too. Knelt beside the bags, wondering what was actually in them. Stuff she'd put on his Visa card. Expensive looking rubber clothing and some snuff simstims from Portugal. A bottle of knife sharpening oil, two cases of Nonoxynol-900, some new biochip amps in an unmarked box. Twelve sets of new shorts for Crease. He'd insisted they be at least two sizes bigger than before the operation. Mauty had insisted they be felt boxer shorts. Her wallet with a driver's license which revealed her hair to be its natural color. A paper origami package which sliced open and gave him a cut when he picked it up, replacement blades swiftly stuck into the concrete-mixed-with-whatever floor.

"Un petit cadeau," Mauty said. "I noticed you were, uh, staring at them."

Crease licked his cut finger. Started to stand up.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" Mauty clenched the clicker of the room's wall unit with her foot, spun it into her thighs and squeeze selected a kick-boxing channel on cable. Blaring, loud

Crease was trapped in thought about the shopping malls, how they'd never changed after The War, like fetid museum displays filled with crystalline markers of where a culture had lost its innocence.

"We, uh, need to run some more tests," said Mauty, yanking Crease out of his thoughts. Back onto the tempurafoam. Motions, furtive, ungentle. Bursts of pheromones over the blare of the fighting match as blood spewed from holograms to tickle the concrete-etc. floor.

Outside, Crease could hear Hermitage talking with a youth. Something about "scrappers" and how he wanted it tight. Mention of Chinese take-out. The man walking into their room. Without knocking

"You ever been a cop, Hermitage?" Crease pondered out loud. Lots of Specially Educated Forces had ended up as cops. Or as rent-a-cops.

"Wakenhut back in '96. It was the shits," Hermitage tendered with a crunching sound in his mouth. Chewing. Folding a small white strip of paper.

"Lots of things are the shits," Crease lamented. "I'm glad you feel that way. We wired your intestinal muscles when we had you under for the operation. Back at the Free Clinic in Sheba."

"What the hell are you saying, Hermitage?" "There are now fourteen toxin sacs inside your abdomen. Crease. Full of a substance similar to that wartime Russian phalloxin with which you're so familiar... Only *this* toxin effects continence. The lack thereof, Sacs are dissolving. Slowly, near your precious muscle tissue."

Crease blinked at the grinning figure, hands thrust deep into its dark silk bathrobe. Still opened.

"You're going to work for us. You're going to ask us 'How high?' when we tell you to jump. I'd have plans for you, but instead you're going to do everything that Mauty says, *exactly* the way she says to do it. Otherwise, we'll literally make your life... the shits."

Crease was losing it. The room began to dissolve into the blur of his fading consciousness.

"Don't worry kid, it's not gonna be THAT bad," Mauty whispered to him, teasingly, squeezing the tenderness of his nethers as a reminder, just

before he swooned. Grabbing the body before it hit concrete. Dosed with a smelling salt that mimicked the ninja's pheromones.

Hermitage stepped over one of the shopping bags to breathe directly into Crease's bloodless face. "You'll have time to do what we've hired you to do and that's it." The stench of ammonia, beef with broccoli dinners and Old Spice was nearly unbearable. Not to mention the whiff of something that smelled like old hard sausage.

"When you're done, we can inject a serum to stabilize the sacs, but first you'll need an enema." Mauty smiled broadly. "So see, Crease, you need us. As badly as you did when I peeled you out of that gutter."

A knock appeared at the door. UPS delivery. Several unnamed gray cartons with barbecue sauce stains and a scent of mesquite coals.

With his bubbaspice deck unloaded in the loft, Ohno-Zendik 9, last year's model, Hermitage had anxiously waited for Crease to charge the delivery cost of each box on his own Visa card. Then disappeared.

"Where'd he go?" Crease wondered aloud.

"He, uh, likes motels," Mauty answered nervously. Pulling on a rubber and leather bodysuit. Yanked off some tag that read *Bobé Link* and another that simply read *Veazey*. "Let's go. Bring your Visa card. Gotta do more shopping."

"You know about that bullshit? Think it's true? About the toxins?" Crease demanded.

"Who knows? Either way, at least it'll make you concentrate on the job. Kinda scare the shit out of you, y' might say..." Bursting onto the mall sidewalk outside the loft's building, next to a Wendy's. "You don't care anyway. I saw you fondling that Zendik unit... Man, that scene was nearly as dirty as one of my Portuguese snuff simstims."

Lifeless neon origami semiotics spelled out METROPHAGE GRAFIX atop the small dank building at the end of the street. Mauty began scratch-signing to a shadow moving lifelessly behind the neon. She itched her butt twice, then under her left armpit and finally grabbed her right breast, squeezing while cracking her neck. Her Drawl was not his Drawl. Crease had decided. Shadow figure replied, engaged in body talk by hopping on one foot and pulling out nose hairs after a double handstand.

The glass door opened. Crease confronted a figure without warning. Man, old, unshaven, unbathed, wrapped in old blankets and sur-

rounded by torn garbage bags filled with dirty clothing and old pictures. Chewing on a cloned McChicken sandwich.

"Step over there by that stolen shopping cart and drop 'em. We'll scan for abdominal implants just like the lady asked," the old man motioned, between mouthfuls of broiled vat fowl, artificial lettuce and synthowheat buns.

"Check inside the muscle lining, HalPhin... for toxin sacs," Mauly intoned.

"Now, bend over an' smile sonny," said HalPhin. Pain. Discomfort. Fowl breath on the back of his neck. "Guy's a virgin."

"Any sacs?"

"Just the big one in front. Smoke 'em if you got 'em, I always say..."

"I'm familiar with that one," Mauly grinned. "Seen his profile, before and after, thankfully. Nice piece of work. Schannonangliche's min-

"I heard rumors. Flatulated while in the Dominatrix, they said. So hard, the contusions went critical."

"Central processing uploaded his consciousness just before the moment of death. Apparently he *learned* something in the process, something no other console cowboys ever got *near* enough to discover. So the story goes..." HalPhin interjected. Pulling off surgical gloves with a blistering snap. "Only known copy is closely guarded within the headquarters of their Sinne/Dip subsidiary in Houston. Wakenhut's been holding onto that disc tighter than their own asses."

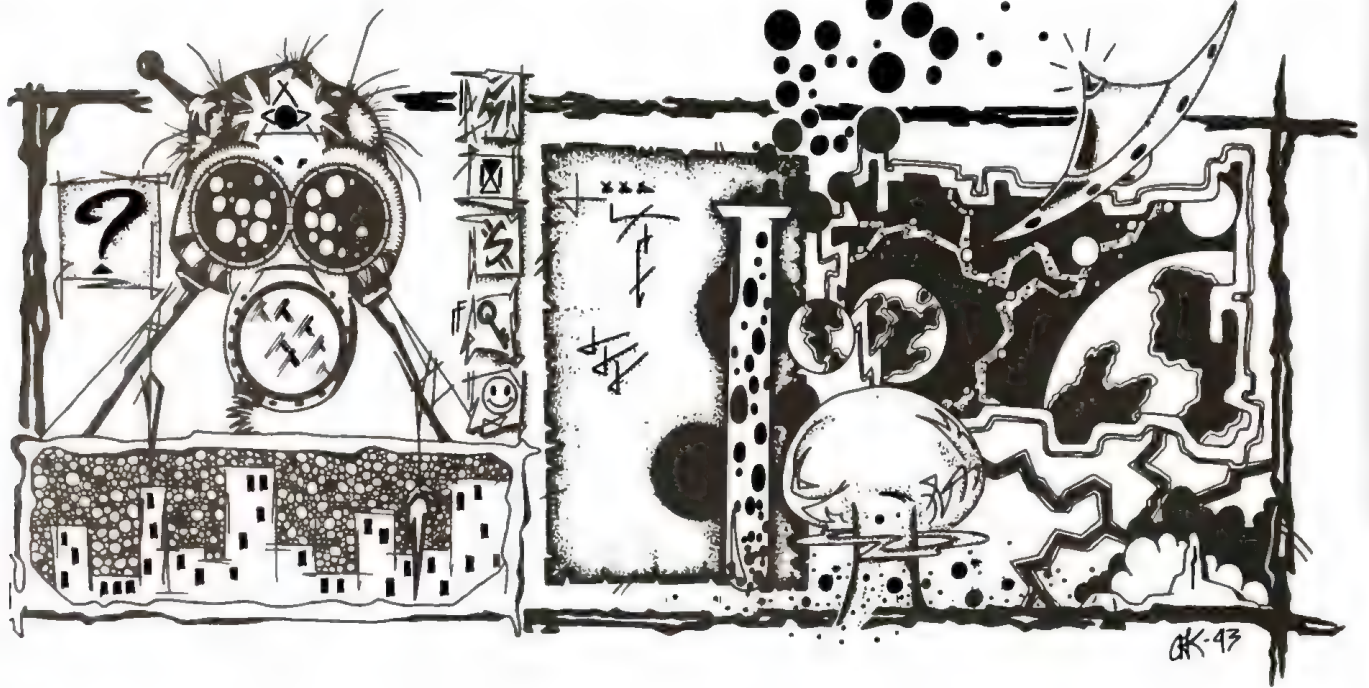
"You'll be working with Wilson's (de)construct, Crease." Mauly prodded his ribs with her steel-toed Doc Martens and tickled his knee with her bladed thighs. "Only thing is, you've gotta listen to the Dead to access the (de)construct. Haven't been able to filter out the tones

"What did you say?"

Crease felt his nerves strengthening. "So what's Hermitage got dissolving inside you?" "You don't wanna know." Mauly hesitated. Crease had never seen her quite so distracted. "Ever take a real good look inside his robe?"

Crease winced at the thought. Something *had* appeared missing. Or at least a part of something.

"Look, Crease, I've been trying to find out who's behind Hermitage ever since I signed on to this little funfest. Doesn't feel like a zaibatsu, an HMO or some Jakuzi subsidiary. Hermitage gets orders from outta nowhere. Besides, nobody named Hermitage ever worked for Wakenhut. And sometimes this whole thing just doesn't make sense. Like we could've bought a dozen of the meanest console cowboys in Texas for what we paid for you at the Free Clinic. Not to mention Visa bills on all of Hermitage's Chinese



ions know their stuff. Also seen our short list of players. You ever listened to the Dead, Crease?"

"Huh?" he groaned, pulling his jeans back up.

"Wilson-Phillips Leary. That ring any bells in your memory?" she demanded.

"Yeh, sure. One of the senior guards at Wak. Old guy, kinda spaced. Probably done too many raves back before The War. Taught me advanced training for while, before he got reassigned to a hush-hush project. Kinda thought he was a poser."

"He was. Usually just jacked off/in as an excuse to access old pirate tapes of Grateful Dead shows. Then, he Flatulated."

from the downloaded consciousness. Hope you can stomach it. Permanently intertwined at the moment of death. When he Flatulated."

Outside, way back into the Tube to Austin. Passed several Kinko's Replicator stations and a huge PepSico Food Substance outlet. "HalPhin's an old connection of mine," Mauly said pointedly. "Got Hermitage to fund him as our tech. So don't be too familiar when he shows up. You never saw him before, okay?"

"I wish," mumbled Crease. Buttocks muscles clenching. Involuntary.

take-out. Your operation succeeded, I'm happy to admit...you were *good*, but not *THAT* good."

"Who else was on that short list you mentioned?"

"Some crazy named 3Geraldo Rivera. Real sicko. I saw *his* profile too. Yuck."

"The Dominatrix has its roots in an old gaming company called Originless Systems," said the voice-over. "Went under just after The War, after their headquarters traded tactical neutron bombings with local rival Es Jegi Corp. Had been

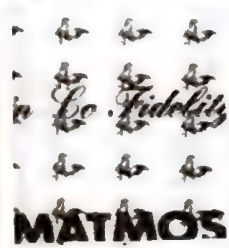
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Christal Methodists
Christal Methodists Sampler
 Goy Division Records '93
 Christal Methodists are a thriving cabal of senal pranksters, media terrorists vaguely reminiscent of Clockwork Orange meets Firesign Theatre at a whippets party thrown by Negativland. On this 1993 release, you can praise Jeezus as ChristMethsters hack hosts on a multitude of Christian AM radio talk shows, layered, looped fetid raves of blasphemy descending to Hell at 120 bpm. Loops themselves interspersed with telephone recordings of Kurt Cobain half-heartedly muttering promo spots coaxed by the saccharine voice of a polyester-suited DJ at mega-commercial station KMEL in San Francisco which incidentally were recorded and hence released from St. Kurt's end of the conversation. My favorite pick is the "American Anti-Crustacean League", seeking to impose fundamentalist old-testament dietary constraints wherever crawfish are sold. "This will get your knickers in a bunch." Contact: Ric Shreves, PO Box 684751, Austin TX 78768 [BBD]



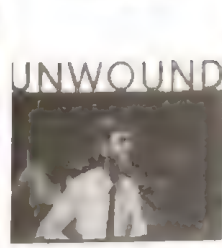
Lois
Bet the Sky
 K Records '95
 Olympia! Olympia! Olympia! Olympia is haunting me. Lois dedicates this album to Olympia. I'm wondering if the cool, hip and musically-inclined people of Olympia would accept Demandra, would they love and adore her? Anyway, if you like acoustic guitars and ethereal female vocals (do you remember the Sundays?), sporadic-erratic drumming, then you might like this Unike Sheryl Crowe, who likes to say her songs are lyric driven (whatever the hell that means. "All we want to do is have some fun" blah, blah). Lois's songs really are lyric driven. "And my dress was made of fire, and my crown was made of sugar and you can't keep me in your mouth." This music is like two lovers making out, while passionately drinking hot cocoa (in between kisses, they slip in small sips) in front of a warm livingroom fire. It's not all cozy; however, there's definitely some cynicism and headache found in these lyrics. "Need someone to wash your mouth out for you, any rusty fuck will do. Isn't what you had, isn't what you lack, woke me up to say, you're never coming back." Demandra has nothing more to say [D]



MATMOS
MATMOS in Lo-Fidelity
 self released
 While some may be quick to point a scathing finger at Apple Computer or Farallon Corporation for engendering this heinous violation of audible wretchedness upon our souls, I blame society. MATMOS is the pattern, the matrix of perversion coursing between our legs, slithering beneath translucent floors and revealing our passions, our sins to the cosmos, Jane Fonda and other elder gods. Not only will MATMOS suck your soul, hell, MATMOS will probably even swallow. Transported light years from our current coordinates, envision yourself trapped in a mall-strewn damnation called Suburbia, lusting for the promise and contortions of dub culture armed solely with Macintosh, SoundEdit and a head filled with the floitsam accrued after years of suffering at the hands of mass-marketing captives. You sample, rearrange, compelled to retort patterns that you hear, albeit arrayed in psychotic cacophony just like how you've always threatened to do with your boss, answering machine Carpe Deum, Bubba. "Copyrights void where obtainable." Contact: MATMOS, 293 41st St #3, Oakland CA 94611 [BBD]



Gretchen Phillips
 self released
 Gretchen Phillips is from Austin, Texas. She has been a musician for most of her life. She plays guitar, keyboards, sings and makes cool music on her four track. You might remember her from Two Nice Girls or Meat Joy (if you're a Gretchen fanatic, you might've heard of this early 80's act, if you're lucky enough to have a Meatjoy album). Remember no two album covers are alike and they were all hand made - some of Meatjoy is now in Star Pmc). A couple of years after Two Nice Girls broke up, Gretchen began playing with her new band The Gretchen Phillip's Experience, backed by various wonderful musicians like Andy Loomis and Jo Walston (check them out during the South by Southwest Music Conference in Austin). Gretchen has played all over Austin but you might've seen her perform at the Antioch University or The Michigan Women's Music festival which she wrote about for the Village Voice or maybe you saw her in New York during the Stonewall festivities. Gretchen is poetic, powerful, frightening, intimidating, angry and beautiful. Gretchen sings of sex, suffering and the joys of being a lesbian in a fucked-up man's world. She is respected for her music: all over the world, she is an idol and a saint. Her most recent tape, "Welcome to My World and a Hall" can be ordered through FWR. Contact: Gretchen Phillips, PO Box 4600, Austin TX 78765 [D]



Unwound
New Plastic Ideas
 Kill Rock Stars '94
 Unwound: artful intelligent punk noise and beauty, live in Olympia, Washington. Breni Claude, a former drummer of the band, states in the liner notes: "Reviews are off-target and often comical. Sound cannot be accurately described by language. Attitudes are also misinterpreted. Writers try to hypothesize on the motivations of Unwound (are they driven by despair or anger?)" So, Demandra won't compare them to anyone and I'll just let them stand on their own. Well, on the other hand, I have to give you something! I walked into the local record store and heard this driving, harmonic, buzz-sawing rhythmic, distorted guitars and a voice that went along with my mood driven by frustration, anxiety and disappointment. Unwound sounded hypnotic and pissed off. While perusing the aisles of music at Sound Exchange, nothing jumped out at me except what I heard creeping its way out of the overhead speakers. I like instant gratification so I brought it home with me. My favorite track is the instrumental "Abstraktions", where the guitars are full of harmonics, delays, distortions and minor notes. It's one of those angelic crying numbers. More than several of the tracks have catchy, dissonant guitar riffs (somber celestial intros that develop throughout the song and explode into endings). Tracks one, four and five will haunt your head for days. To get an eclectic line-up of bands on Kill Rock Stars (bands like Bikini Kill, Tiger Trap, Lois, Huggy Bear), check out Kill Rock Stars Completions 1&2. Contact: Kill Rock Stars, 120 NE State #418, Olympia WA 98501 [D]



Beck
One Foot in the Grave
 K Records (Oct 93 & Jan 94)
 lyric samples: Walk till you're restless - sleep till you're tired, wake up without thinking you're the one that I desire. She'll do anything to make you feel like an asshole. I get thoughts and dirty socks piled in the corner - getting fat on your own fear, bring that beer over here. Definitely this is the wrong place to be - there's blood on the futon, there's a kid drinking fire. In the afternoon, riding the scapegoat burning equipment, decomposing. While EMTVEEVEE and the Rolling Stone say that the song "Loser" - I'm a loser baby, so why don't you kill me - from the Getten recording Mellow Gold is one of THE big hits from 1994. Beck could sink into one-hit-wonder oblivion unless you lift your head out of your filthy MTV Buzz Clip haze and listen to this! This little LP was recorded before Mellow Gold. I've been playing my "One Foot in the Grave" tape constantly for about two weeks. (I wonder if Beck knows about the 60-band called "One Foot in the Grave" from Florida, they do generic punk rock, singing about diarrhea and popping pills just to keep alive.) Beck's lyrics are funny, satirical, spontaneous and full of sweet self-loathing. Demandra is obsessing and has a crush. I've been playing my tape at this Fringeware store people venture in, "Who is This?" "Why it's Beck, I respond. I guess you've only seen the Loser video and didn't know he sounded like this." "Why yes, I didn't know! Wow, this is Beck, this is pretty great." "Yes," I respond, "and this recording is on K Records, a small yet widely popular label from Olympia, doesn't it kind of remind you of Daniel Johnston, Ween, Hank Williams Sr. and Robert Johnson? It's got a great four-track sound, it makes you want to cry and hold him and make his little fears and angers go away." The customer leaves curious and happy that they discovered a secret (OK, Beck's no secret, but a lot of his songs are). Check out November's issue of Sassy. Beck answers questions in Dear Boy and proves himself to be articulate and kind. Also, it turns out that Beck's artistry has genetic roots; you can read about his mother in this month's issue of Option magazine. Beck's mommy is a performance artist who owns a hip espresso bar in LA. Hopefully we will hear more from the Beckster soon cuz I hear the little teller is in the studio. Contact: K Records, PO Box 7154 Olympia WA 98507 [D]

Pick Your Noise

By Demandra,
 demandra@fringeware.com

Demandra wants more music to review! How will you become internationally famous if you don't send me your music? I received a couple of press kits with no demo tapes, what the hell! Also, unfortunately, some of my email got eaten-killed-destroyed, so if I didn't respond, it's not because I hate you, please send me more email. This time around, we have more reviews for you to love and hate. I made sure an eclectic mix of musical genres were included for diversity and your pleasure. Finally, don't forget: Demandra is always biased and never objective and almost always positively correct!

LOVE,
 me



OMB No 5150-2305-2012-7c

Label
(See page 58)

Use the FWI label. Otherwise, please print or type

L A B E L H E R E	Your first name and nickname (optional)	Last name
	Mailing address (number and street)	
	City, state or province, postal code and country	
	Electronic mail address, fax or telephone number where we can reach you if needed	

Your Schwa ID number

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For Privacy Act and Paperwork Redundancy, see our online catalog:

<http://fringeware.com/HTML/prices.html>

Do you want your info sold to obnoxious direct marketing corporations?
Have you ever been a member of a UFO conspiracy?

Yes	No

No. of boxes checked on 1 through 3b

Check the box for your filing status
(See page 1)

If more than two pancreas see page 83.

- 1 How many times have you seen Elvis since he "died"?
- 2 Are you a member of the FringeWare email list?
- 3 a Do you subscribe to *Fringe Ware Review* magazine? 3b Do you subscribe to *Unshaved Truths* magazine?
c If not, where did you find this catalog:
- 4 (Optional) List the name and contact info for each of the following:
 - a your favorite bookstore
 - b your favorite coffee house
 - c your favorite Internet site

Figure your consumptions
(See pages 49-54)

Be sure to complete each line item before sending and verify, if possible, with our current online catalog at host <http://fringeware.com/>

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<i>Fringe Ware Review</i> subscription (\$15 NAFTA/ \$25 Int'l/ \$30 Library)	yes				0	0
<i>Unshaved Truths</i> subscription (\$8 NAFTA/ \$13 Int'l/ \$16 Library)	yes				0	0

Figure your adjusted gross consumption

Attach Copy B of your Forms FW-2 here.

If you don't have an FW-2, don't worry about it.

- 6 Rebates, contributor credits, contest credits. Attach Form(s) FW-2. 6
- 7 Add lines in column 5(5). This is your product price subtotal. 7
- 8 Are you having this order shipped to an address within the state of Texas? If yes, multiply line 7 by 8% (0.08) and enter the number; otherwise enter -0-. This is your sales tax. 8
- 9 Enter line 15 from the back side of this page. This is your shipping. 9
- 10 Add lines 6 through 9. This is your total amount. 10

Pay by check, money order or postal money order, drawn on a US bank in US\$ for this total amount, payable to **FringeWare Inc.**, and sent to the address listed on the inside over either cover. We don't do P.O. or C.O.D. All products subject to availability. We reserve the right to drop any product at any time. Our vendors are fringeful, many build their wares in small, infrequent runs so orders can take a long time to get filled, but we won't cash your check until we start shipping your order. Thank you!

Sign your order

Keep a copy for your records

I declare that I have examined this order form and accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, they are very true, correct, and accurately list all amounts and sources for Fringe gizmos I desire at this point in time. Moreover, if any items contain matter of an adult or elderly nature, I swear that I, of sound mind and body, am of age for my locality to purchase these items in accordance with all existing local, state and federal laws. My door is a jar. Rinse, lather, repeat
Your signature _____ Date, if any _____

Figure your shipping rate

- 11 Add lines in column 5(7) from the front side of this form. This is the total **weight** of your order. 11
- 12 Find the row in the first column which is less than or equal to the total **weight** of your order from line 11, then read across that row to find your shipping destination column and use the **US\$** figure listed to find your **adjusted shipping rate** in line 13. *Example: Mr. and Mrs. Green are placing an order from Hong Kong, with a total weight of 0.908 kg. So \$15.81 would be their shipping rate.*

(1) If line 11 is— No more than this many kg in weight	(2) And your shipping destination is in—				
	USA	NAFTA	Western Hemisphere	Europe	Earth
	(3) Your shipping rate is—				
0.028	\$0.32	\$0.40	\$0.70	\$0.85	\$0.95
0.057	\$0.55	\$0.63	\$1.07	\$1.35	\$1.61
0.085	\$0.78	\$0.85	\$1.44	\$1.85	\$2.27
0.114	\$1.01	\$1.07	\$1.81	\$2.35	\$2.93
0.170	\$1.47	\$1.51	\$2.18	\$3.01	\$3.85
0.227	\$1.93	\$1.95	\$2.55	\$3.67	\$4.77
0.284	\$2.39	\$2.39	\$2.92	\$4.33	\$5.69
0.341	\$2.95	\$2.83	\$3.29	\$4.99	\$6.61
0.398	\$2.95	\$3.55	\$3.66	\$5.65	\$7.53
0.455	\$3.00	\$3.55	\$4.03	\$6.31	\$8.45
0.909	\$3.00	\$5.25	\$6.99	\$11.59	\$15.81
1.364	\$4.00	\$6.95	\$9.79	\$16.59	\$23.01
1.818	\$5.00	\$8.65	\$12.59	\$21.59	\$30.21

Shipping rates apply only in the areas listed; call before placing interplanetary orders. Rates supersede any previously FWI shipping rate list. Merchandise will be shipping according to *First Class/Third Class/Priority* rates in US (depending on weight) and via *Small Packet Airmail* elsewhere. For orders which weight more than rates listed in this table, contact FWI via email by sending the message **GET RATES** to: info@fringeware.com

- 13 If the subtotal in line 7 is greater than \$250, enter -0- and pay no shipping. Otherwise, enter the shipping rate from the table listed above in line 12(3). This is your **adjusted shipping rate**. 13
- 14 If you would like to have a receipt taken upon delivery, for tracking your order to its destination, enter -2-. Otherwise, enter -0-. 14
- 15 Add lines 13 and 14. This is your **shipping**. 15

How do I get products listed in this catalog?

People often ask about how to get products listed in this catalog section. The answer is simple: develop a history of doing good business with FWI. Each product listed in our magazine's catalog section has to have developed a history of proven sales through our mail-order business, combined with human interest in support of our editorial directions. There are **three good ways** of developing a history with our business: you can *distribute FWI publications, develop and manufacture interesting products for FWI to resell, or buy advertising* within FWI publications.

To distribute FWI publications, please consult our web-page on the subject at:
<http://fringeware.com/HTML/distrib.html>

To become a product vendor, please contact **Patrick Deese**, +1 512 323 0039 and consult our web-page on the subject at:
<http://fringeware.com/HTML/vendor.html>

To advertise in FWI publications, please contact **Monte McCarter**, +1 817 898 1659 and consult our web-page on the subject at:
<http://fringeware.com/HTML/advert.html>

We generally don't get enough leads on items like: garage VR gizmos, robotics kits, weird software, fringe multimedia, new kinds of brain machines, cult videos, etc. We generally get more requests than we could ever even consider for: tapes/CDs, poetry & fiction books, jewelry, video games, "service" contracts, tee-shirts, etc. so if you're pitching any of these, they'd better be interesting. What we do like is the fact that we've helped several other businesses break into much wider publicity and distribution by selling their products in our catalog. Be creative, and don't ever expect much. If you're hoping to get rich quickly, avoid the Fringe, and perhaps go into banking.

Your comments are appreciated

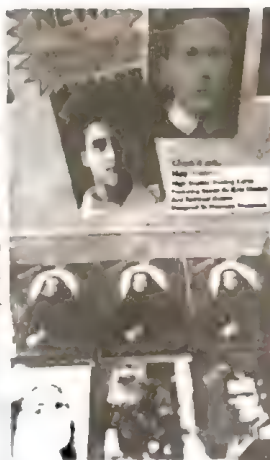


The Usual Suspects
...by Xines, Inc.

BOOK-0020, \$4.00 each, free s&h
Mail order catalog for the small and independent press by Desert Moon Periodicals. "As zine buffs we are constantly prowling for unusual & obscure publications that cut through the spoon-fed reality of the dominant paradigm. We believe that a magazine that doesn't offend somebody cannot possibly interest anybody." An 82-page venue for counterculture — good stuff \$3.25 refundable with first order

Holy Traders Saints Cards

HOLY-0100, \$7.00 pack, 0.125kg
40 trading cards of actual Catholic saints, presented on high quality color card stock, each with a biography and relevant stats. Learn how strange the Catholicism is through these energetic cards 'designed to promote vocations' Possibly the most bizarre religious product you'll ever encounter outside of the Mormon Church.



"Life Size" Alien Face Hugger Kit

WEAR-0900, \$129.98, 1.80kg
PVC 1:1 scale model of the Face Hugger from the Alien movies, after assembly 6 feet long. The ideal accessory for any occasion



Bondage Jewelry
...by Bobé Link

0.057kg each
Designs by performance artist Rene Giger. "Her sculptures do have definite characteristics of that morbid, necrophile, apocalyptic style which we know from Giger...reminiscent of Mad Max, postnuclear science fiction or cyberpunk" lauds <O> magazine. Featured by FAD, Mondo 2000, MTV, LOLLAPALOOZA and cover of BOING-BOING#11. Many more designs available. Including body armor, neck pieces & other wire rubber/gzmo jewelry



Commemorative Stamps
...by Pyroline Distribution

MAIL-0100, \$5.00 per 6, 0.004kg
Full color on gummed paper. Random mix of commemorative issues featuring Waco TX, Dr. Kevorkian, James Brown, Tonya Harding, WTC Bombing, Gulf War Friendly Fire, Flag Burning (1st Amendment), KILL/HATE/WAR, Michael Jackson, etc. Reminiscent of USPS stamps



"Area 51" Viewer's Guide

ZINE-0200, \$15.00, 0.285kg
Groom Lake Hat
SKIN-0500, \$12.00, 0.085kg
Groom Lake Patch
SKIN-0501, \$8.00, 0.045kg
Readers of the Area 51 Viewer's Guide will recognize the name Groom Lake where the USAF secret experimental test range is located. Self published guide to the ins & outs of the secret USAF Base at Groom Lake, Nevada. Learn where to view & what to say if you get caught. See review in FWR 5. Black 'baseball' style cap comes with patch, 5x4 cm patch alone is ideal for your flight jacket or other garment.

- Bar Pin Pig Dangler**
WEAR-0533, \$25.00
- Bondage Fuse Earrings**
WEAR-0555, \$20.00
- Dangle Screw Earrings**
WEAR-0556, \$20.00
- Triple Bondage Baby Pendant**
WEAR-0563, \$25.00
- Double Hand/Nail Pendant**
WEAR-0564, \$25.00
- Hand/Screw Dangler Pendant**
WEAR-0565, \$20.00
- Wicked Hand Dangle Pendant**
WEAR-0566, \$20.00
- Bondage Baby Pendant**
WEAR-0567, \$20.00
- Wicked Hand Pin**
WEAR-0568, \$12.00
- Hand/Screw Pin**
WEAR-0570, \$12.00
- Bondage Hand Dangles Earrings**
WEAR-0573, \$15.00
- Bondage Pig Key Chain**
WEAR-0578, \$12.00
- Bondage Pigs Earrings**
WEAR-0572, \$15.00



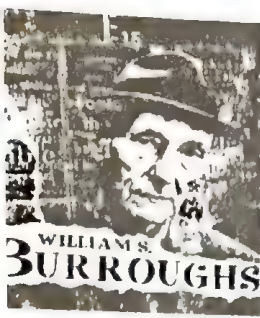
Xochi Speaks
...by Lord Nose!

CHEM-0020, \$16.00 each, 0.136kg
Color poster of Xochipilli, Aztec god of Flowers (wink, wink) w/ 16-page Guide to Psychedelics. Mondo 2000 #7 sez: "Very neatly and artistically fills an educational niche." Info on taxonomy, cross tolerance, nutritional support, etc., partly excerpted in the public domain Xochi Stack for Hypercard.



Day Dreamer
...by Alpha Odysseys

GROK-0010, \$14.95 each, 0.270kg
Made from purple plastic, this device vaguely resembles a diving mask... great for your next dive into the Neuroverse! You look toward the nearest star with eyes closed, then blow into a tube with long, deep breaths, causing the device's inner disk to rotate. Strobed natural light on closed eyelids produces photic stimulation, combines w/ paced breathing for a wonderfully vivid, kaleidoscopic experience. One of the most intense brain machines available for its low cost/performance — so long as you have sunlight and breath to invest in clearing your mental cobwebs. Called "the LSD flight simulator" by Timothy Leary.



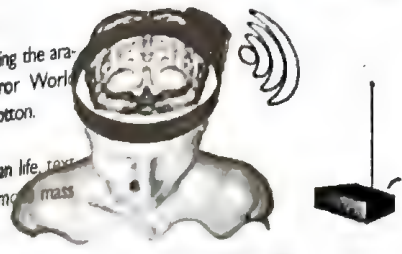
I BLAME SOCIETY

Terror World Wide

\$15.00 each, 0.273kg.
T-shirts from the name that means quality. Terror World Wide. Multi-colored screen print, white cotton, size XL only.

Wm. S. Burroughs, **SKIN-0200**
WSB surrounded by his own text.
Bukowski, SKIN-0201
Charles Bukowski surrounded by sex ads & liquor labels.
Burroughs w/Gun, SKIN-0202
Bill Burroughs, doing what he likes best, pointing a gun
Kid-Tested/Mother-Approved, SKIN-0203
Terror logo, an Uzi surrounded by the slogan "Kid tested, Mother Approved".
Sleep TV, SKIN-0204
Television tuned to a dead channel, the text reads "SLEEP"; B&W screen print.

Prayer Wheels, SKIN-0205
Prayer wheel of hand guns surrounding the arabic text, back of shirt reads "Terror World Wide". Silver screen print on black cotton.
Manson, SKIN-0206
Everyone's favorite criminal larger than life, text reads: "Charles Manson the most famous mass murderer in history".
I Blame Society, SKIN-0207
B&W screen print of hands gripping a 38 Special, the text reads: "I BLAME SOCIETY".



IBVA 1.5
...by **Psychic Lab Inc.**
GROK-0080, \$1295.00 each, free s&h
Interactive Brainwave Analyzer system. A sensor head band radio-transmits signals to a state of the art EEG system for the Mac. 3D FFT software provides visual analysis in real-time and translates brain modalities into MIDI events, graphic animation, RS-422 control signals, etc., for brain wave controlled multimedia and VR. See PIXON's review in Mondo 2000 #7.

RE/Search Books

#415: WSB, Bryon Gysin, Throbbing Gristle
BOOK 940642050, \$12.99, 0.185kg
Interviews & scarce fiction, rare photos & discographies of W.S. Burroughs, et al.
#617: industrial culture handbook
BOOK 940642077, \$13.99, 0.185kg
Post-punk industrial performers, discussions of brain research, forbidden medical practices, modern warfare, etc. in one compelling volume.
#819: J.G. Ballard
BOOK 940642085, \$14.99, 0.195kg
Comprehensive documentation of Ballard's work with essays, excerpts, photos & illustrations.
#10: Incredibly Strange Films
BOOK 940642093, \$17.99, 0.195kg
Spotlight on the unhealed directors of our time: Russ Meyer, Herschell Gordon Lewis, etc. The ultimate filmography of gore & exploitation films
#11: Pranks
BOOK 940642107, \$17.99, 0.200kg
Anecdotal accounts of pranks by celebrities such as Mark Pauline, Joe Coleman, Abbie Hoffman, Timothy Leary, John Waters etc. Inspirational.
#12: Modern Primitives
BOOK 940642277, \$17.99, 0.195kg
Investigation into the world of body modification, includes tattoo, piercing, & bifurcation. Not intended for the timid.
#13: Angry Women
BOOK 940642247, \$18.99, 0.185kg
16 performance artists discussing their views on revolutionary feminism & a recipe for social change that is invidious & not exclusionary. Want to know more? Read the book.
#14: Incredibly Strange Music vol.1
BOOK 940642220, \$17.99, 0.195kg
#15: Incredibly Strange Music vol.2
BOOK 940642212, \$16.99, 0.195kg
Two compendiums which made record bin browsing a job instead of a hobby. Contains some of the strangest music ever recorded. Required reading for all vinyl junkies.

2-Channel Upgrade kit (GROK-0081, \$1115) allows for two IBVA systems to be used in tandem. Tag-team EEG play with a grokbuddy, or use two head bands to analyze left/right brain EEG simultaneously.



PowerGlove units
...by **Mattel**
We buy these, providing they're in good condition and guaranteed by the seller.



Fractal stickers
...by **Fractalman**
MEME-0020, \$3.00 half-dozen, 0.014kg
"The Coolest Little Fractal Sockers" Assorted color stickers showing Mandelbrot sets

Rotor T-Shirts

VR Sex Repair Man
SKIN-0300, \$17.00, 0.273kg
Cute anime style japanese VR sex repair service man with japanese & english text. The English text reads: "24 hour service. We Come When You Can't." On clover cloth, size XL. Humbly presented to you by the honorable designers at Rotor.
Poor Man's VR Sex
SKIN-0301, \$17.00, 0.273kg
A desperate hacker on a cybernetic toilet with a 3-D Viewer makes a kludgy attempt at VR sex. Size XL only. Color: Mustard, ref to Pantone #.
Musclehead
SKIN-0302, \$17.00, 0.273kg
Amazing grey scale skinless face with red circuitry pattern in background, evocative of the future of cyberorganic entities. We are Borg, err Rotor. Black cloth, size XL only.
Autobahn
SKIN-0303, \$17.00, 0.273kg
We have been told that the age of information is here. Celebrate with this Japanese Autobahn graphic, a mix of kanji & english on periwinkle cloth. Size XL.
Bolshevik
SKIN-0304, \$17.00, 0.273kg
English, Japanese & Russian text extolling cyberpunk, with the classic Rotor 'screaming man' pic. Electric blue or burgundy cloth, size XL.



Gothic-Art T-Shirts

High-quality illus. call for details.



Mind Mirror

...by **KnoWare**
GROK-0060, \$19.95 each, 0.071kg
ThoughtWare for Mind-tool or Mind-play from Timothy Leary. For cyborg use w/ your personal "thought processing appliance." DOS color psych self-analysis. 5.25 disk only, manual autographed by Dr. Leary 9Jan94.





Schwa t-shirt

...by Schwa

SKIN-0040, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

Alien detector logo is xenon-coated so that it'll glow in the presence of aliens. Great early warning system in case of abduction. White on black cotton, plus glow in the dark. Black on white cotton version (SKIN-0041) provides alien detection with illustration. XL size only. "Not for the squeamish."

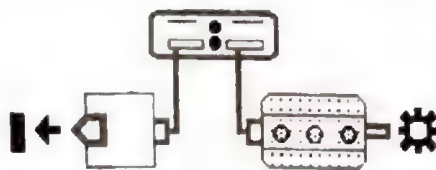
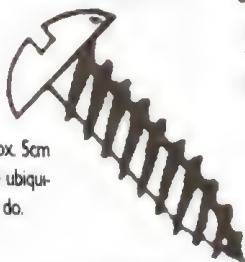


Machine Screw stickers

...by FringeWare Inc.

MEME-0060, \$1.95 dozen, 0.026kg

Stickers with a machine screw logo, approx. 5cm square. Just about the same size as those ubiquitous "heart" stickers. You know what to do.



Hyperbot Interface kit

...by Bots

GZMO-0110, \$290.00 each, free s&h

Flexible robotic control and Hypercard tools for education. Very easy to learn and use, Mac-based graphical controller to build robots out of popular building kits: LEGO, Capsella, MOVIT, fisher-technik. Other "activity kits" available.



Complete Schwa kit (vol.1)

Complete Counter-Schwa kit (vol.2)

...by Schwa

MEME-0200, \$15.00 each, 0.205kg

"All the basic equipment for alien defense in one simple kit!" A brilliantly terrifying tale of alien abduction, told in a book that contains only symbols and illustrations. Kit also includes alien invasion survival keychain, cards, stickers... Factsheet Five sez: "Whitney Streiber alien rapture conspiracy was attack! Suicide = redemption = money!" A perfect intro text for surveying the stealth landscape of paranoia, alienation and disappearance.

MEW: second volume. Counter-Schwa kit, provides memetic antidote for the above, but of reasonable origins/intentions. Please be sure to specify which kit you must have immediately...



Flying Saucers: Startime CD

MUSE-9999, \$8.50, 0.108kg

CD by one of the only bands sponsored by Schwa. Urban punk from Austin, Texas.



Schwa Lunar Calendar

...by Schwa

MEME-0203, \$5.00 each, 0.037kg

Disturbing 1995 Lunar calendar. 1x0.5m. "Keeps you informed of all important lunar events." With extremely cool illos. Terribly subtle.

World's Greatest Computer Disk stickers

...by Black Eye Design

MEME-0080, \$2.95 each, 0.026kg

That's right, these are really great. Each packet has 12 diskette labels, each with color artwork, infoburbs and plenty of space left over for labeling your bytes. Five collections available: Sci Fi, Circus, Mystery, Smiles, Dinosaurs. Specify style collection with your order.



Circuit Board Clipboard

...by tecnotes

GZMO-0030, \$14.00 each, 0.366kg

33x24cm clipboard made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.

Circuit Board Binder

...by tecnotes

GZMO-0031, \$16.00 each, 0.563kg

30x24cm 3-ring binder, w/ steel polyhinge. Made from recycled circuit boards. Colors and designs vary with sources.

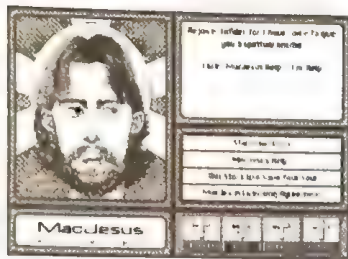
Car Conversion kit

...by Schwa

MEME-0205, \$7.00 each, 0.099kg

Why read when you could just sit and stare at things? Let people know that you know about Them. Unofficial car conversion kit with complete set of vehical stickers.



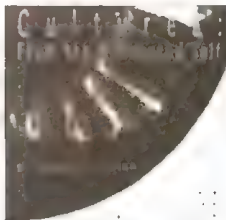


MacJesus

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0020, \$9.25 each, 0.043kg

"Your personal Saviour on a floppy disk." Claims to help give you "an inside track when dealing with the Creator Of The Universe." An interactive mano-a-mano with that special avatar, for personal evaluation/advice. Based on Hypercard 1.2 - with special thanks to Miss Fifi LaRoue for "helping write the really dirty stuff."



Cultures: From the Annotated Self

...by BASEARTS

MELT-0079, \$15.00 each, 0.034kg — PC

MELT-0080, \$15.00 each, 0.034kg — Mac

First in a series of disk-based solo exhibitions, this time featuring Sammy Cucher, who's work has shown at MOMA, Ars Electronica, etc. "Digital images...inquiring into the relationship between art and science...akin to automatic writing."

George Legrady: [the clearing]

MELT-0081, \$45.00, 0.034kg

Second in a series of disk-based solo exhibitions, featuring George Legrady. "A multi-level navigation of the Serbian/Bosnian conflict." Specify Mac or PC.



Digital Psychic

...by Jeff Posey

GROK-0070, \$14.95 each, 0.031kg

DOS software for digital seances. "Requires VGA graphics, mouse and a relaxed state of mind." Stonehenge pix for your visual/psychic pleasure. If you've ever used a Ouija board, then you know what to do...

To Open • Lightly Sparkling • Limit One Coupon Per Purchase • Limited Time • Long-Lasting • Low In Fat • Made From Concentrate • Made With White Wine • Make It Chocolate • Makes 6-8 Sandwiches • Makes About 1-1/4 Cups Sauce • Medicated Treatment Formula • Mega Hold • Membership Is Free • Mix With Food • Moisturizing • More Odor Fighters In Every Stroke • Multigrain For A Unique Taste • Names Used Are Fictitious • Natural Strength • Naturally Brewed • No Added Fats Or Fillers • No Bits Of Pulp • No Minimum Purchase Required • No Preservatives Added • No Solciting • No Tropical Oils • Non-Carbonated • Non-Laxative/Non-Constipating • Not Animal Tested • Not Rated • Not Wet Or Sticky • Offer Good While Supplies Last • Offer Not Available By Phone • Offer Void Where Prohibited • Officially Graded • Oil Separation Is A Natural Process • One Touch Recording • Open Other Side • Original Scent • Pain Reliever • Parve • Passing The Savings

Rapture the Rapture

PLAY-0025, \$15.00, 0.043kg

"Spiritual Space Invaders" for the macintosh. Drive your converted VW Bug across the screen shooting christians as the ascend to heaven. Convert their plummeting souls to replenish your energy supply. From the creator of *Magjesus & Mamonoids* From the Deep.

Book of the SubGenius

BOOK, \$12.95, 0.302kg

Holy Book of the Church of SubGenius. Christians need not apply.

Revelation X

BOOK 70063, \$16.95, 0.195kg

The long awaited sequel to the Book of SubGenius. New updates on X-Day, brimming with vital information that you cannot live without.

Three Fisted Tales of Bob

BOOK, \$11.95, 0.195kg

SubGenius stories. Learn about "Bob" in short story form.

Bob Mug

CHEM-0500, \$8.00, 0.258kg

Bob Dobbs greets you with his classic grin. Enjoy your favorite beverage in comfort as X-Day comes to your door. White porcelain, B&W graphic.

Bob Hat

SKIN-0515, \$17.00, 0.085kg

'Baseball' style slack hat, with a full color embroidered "Bob" face. Stand out from the Normals with this black wool cap.

Bob Dobbs Boxers

SKIN-0510, \$17.00, 0.118kg

White cotton cloth (L) with grey scale Bob Dobbs pattern, in the dark the vile Ngh, the "Anti-Bob" glows with sinister intent. Size M or L. Official SubGenius Foundation temple garment.

Ambulance

...by Electronic Hollywood

MELT-0035, \$15.00 each, 0.037kg

Sound-tracked horror novel of five LA post-collegiate twenty-something posers. "Upon John's release from rehab, they crash their car in a deserted stretch of Hollywood Hills and get picked up by a serial killer masquerading as an ambulance driver." Non-linear story by Monica Moran lets you choose doors, windows to alter plot. Hypertext links for plot clues, animation by Jaime Levy, artwork by Jaime Hernandez of Love and Rockets, soundtrack by Mike Watt. Requires: Mac w/ 6.0.7 or later, 2 Mb RAM, ships on 1.4 Mb floppy.

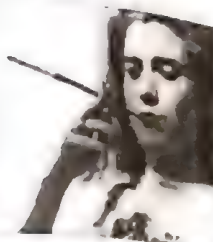


Blind Watchmaker

...by WW Norton

BORG-0020, \$10.95 each, 0.048kg

Evolutionary "biomorph" software for DOS or Macintosh, based on the Richard Dawkins book. A nifty, low-cost intro package that animates lessons about modern evolutionary theory.



Sterling Cigarette Holders

...by Rolling Thunder

CHEM-0010, \$25.00 each, 0.014kg

Rat bastards have nearly outdawed all the fun — can't even find a decent gorzo cigarette holder anymore...So FWI asked to have a new line fabricated: sterling silver, just like Dr. HST employs. 15cm long, beveled lip. Specify polished or oxidized — "Tasty" sez PXN, with mumbled, slightly paranoid expression.

Church of SubGenius shirt

SKIN-0150, \$17.00, 0.273kg

The Illuminati pyramid with "Bob" at it's center. Multicolored print on white, size XL.

Good Bob/Bad Bob Shirt

SKIN-0512, \$17.00, 0.273kg

The ultimate SubGenius shirt, two sided, the front features Bob himself, with a detailed alchemical border & a blue background, the back features Ngh, the 'Anti-Bob' in his green scaled glory, with a red background. White cotton, size XL. Not for the timid. A product of the Church of SubGenius.

Cowboy Bob

SKIN-0513, \$17.00, 0.273kg

Perched atop a Tyrannosaurus Rex, Cowboy "Bob" rides with style. Unbleached natural cotton, size XL.

Cybersaurus Dobsii

SKIN-0514, \$17.00, 0.273kg

A robotic dinosaur with the face of "Bob". From the manipulator arm extending from his pipe, to the mechanized sneakers, this is an incarnation of "Bob" to be reckoned with. On ash cotton cloth, size XL.

100's of Severed Heads

SKIN-0516, \$13.00, 0.273kg

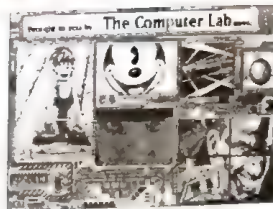
A 50's clip-art style skull farmer proudly shows off his harvest. Ash cotton, size XL only. From the people who care, the SubGenius Foundation.

FRED13 demo

...by Robitron Software Research

GZMO-0081, \$43.00 each, 0.085kg

Natural language one-liner dialog generator. Al used for the FRED13 topic of the "mondo" conference on the WELL. Has 12K phrase/response records, enough to hold a pretty loose conversation. Great for intelligent agents on a BBS; DOS or Unix. Another version (GZMO-0080, \$199.95 each, 0.185kg) also learns new phrases. Source licenses available.



Beyond Cyberpunk! stock v1.5

...by The Computer Lab

MELT-0001, \$35.00 each, 0.185kg

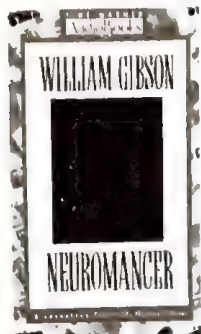
New Update! Multimedia tour-de-force of art, literature, thought and practice in a postmodern/cyberpunk genre. "Like scuba diving in an Encyclopedia." Bruce Sterling, Richard Kadrey, Paul Di Filippo, Steve Brown, Hakim Bey, Rudy Rucker, Peter Sugarman, Gareth Branwyn and Mark Frauenfelder, and even other famous people working under pseudonyms, all cross linked via hypertext with industrial sound track, animation clips, digital book marks and a dictionary that pronounces its terms. "You may find yourself washed up onto an alien shore someday, and you'd better be ready" Requires HyperCard 2x.

Neuromancer (on tape)

...by William Gibson

HEAR-0110, \$23.00, 0.175kg

4 cassettes, 6 hours. Read by William Gibson. Full of stereophonic effects & music, this is a truly haunting version of Neuromancer. No word on Count Zero or Mona Lisa Override, yet.



Legion Of Doom t-shirt

...by Phrack

SKIN-0070, \$15.00 each, 0.273kg

Famed LOD "Internet World Tour" shirt flies again, with "Hacking For Jesus '91" on the back. Black on white cotton. XL size only.



Warewear earrings

...by Patty's Stuff

WEAR-0020, \$5.00 each, 0.023kg

Computer chips recycled into jewelry. Earrings come in three designs: dangling on hooks, piercing on posts, and "puncture" (pierce with chip leads cut to look like a chip implant). Custom designs available on request; ask us for contact info.



Cyber Rag I

Cyber Rag II

Cyber Rag III

Electronic Hollywood I

Electronic Hollywood II

...by Electronic Hollywood

MELT-0030, \$6.00 each, 0.037kg

Mac electronic publications from premiere techno-punk electronic zinester Jaime Levy. Mondo 2000 #7: "Angst animations, premenstrual poetry, rambunctious reviews, seductive sound samples" as well as subversive info for all. Started out as a student project that frankly just took over. Electronic muchomedia with cutting insight, captivating production and a severe attitude! Each issue editorializes the frustrations of big city life from a Post-Boomer POV as La Edrix wanders from NYC to SF to LA to NYC to SF to LA to...

Expanded Books:

Neuromancer, Count Zero, Mona Lisa

Override

The Complete Annotated Alice

The Complete Hitchhiker's Guide

Genius: Life & Science of R. Feynman

Jurassic Park (w/ sounds)

Amusing Ourselves To Death / Brave New World

Asimov Complete Stories, vol. 1

...by Voyager Company

MELT-0100, \$18.00 each, 0.088kg

Mac software for electronic versions of popular novels with illustrations, sounds, hypertext links, digital bookmarks and even hidden extras in the stories. Run word and phrase searches, add margin comments and end notes, highlight text, etc. "Electronic text is a dynamic medium that enables you to become a more active reader." Requires: System 6.0.7 or later w/ 31cm or larger monitor, HyperCard 2.1, 1.4 Mb disks; also available for DOS/Windows.

MacSpudd!

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0022, \$12.25 each, 0.185kg

In the closing days of the 20th century, a major portion of the world's oil reserves are accidentally destroyed during a limited nuclear exchange between South Yemen and Liechtenstein. Alas, a French firm named Herpes Simplex converts potatoes into ethanol, giving rise to wealth, relative danger in Celebate Idaho. Mac, 2 disks. You will!



Alien Invasion Survival card

...by Schwa

MEME-0201, \$1.00 each, 0.026kg

"Identify aliens instantly with the amazing Xenon coated identifier" on a keychain. Includes: abduction identifier, lost time detector, abduction rules, saucer viewer, etc. Includes a peephole so that you can see what happens when they don't think you are watching.

Alien Invasion Survival poster

...by Schwa

MEME-0204, 4.00 each, 0.136kg

Curiously similar to above, but much larger. Unofficial wall-mounted version.

Every Picture Tells A Lie

...by Schwa

MEME-0202, \$1.00 each, 0.004kg

5cm alien head sticker with "Every Picture Tells A Lie" motto. Help shape the future!



Yoyodyne Parking Permit

...by Pegasus Publishing

MEME-0030, \$1.50 each, 0.003kg

Now you can safely park your vehicle in any of the eight dimensional slots. Transparent decal, 8x10cm.

DIS NET t-shirt

...by Dissemination Network

SKIN-0030, \$12.00 each, 0.273kg

Info-theoretic media samples, guerilla semiotics (see CD's). Glow-in-the-dark on black cloth. XL size only. Designs may mutate over time.



Mormonoids From The Deep

...by Lamprey Systems

PLAY-0021, \$9.25 each, 0.043kg

A 2 disk set for one of the best adventure games on the Mac, depending on your tastes: you have a .45, a nuclear detonator, a rapidly waning collection of beers as lifeblood and you're stuck in a small, sociopathic Mormon town in northern Utah. What do you do next?



Welcome To My World and a Half tape

...by Gretchen Phillips Experience
MUSE-0040, \$7.00 each, 0.065kg

Gretchen Phillips invitingly calls your name, beckons with one crooked finger, and then says in a sultry voice, "Welcome to My World And a Half"



Aqua Rodentia tape

...by Liquid Mice
MUSE-0050, \$7.00 each, 0.065kg

Experimental jazz from a fine, fine blend of minds, now on Monkey Boy Records. See Mondo #11 for Jon's review.



Unshaved Truths

...by FringeWare Inc.
ZINE-000x, \$5 each, 0.156kg

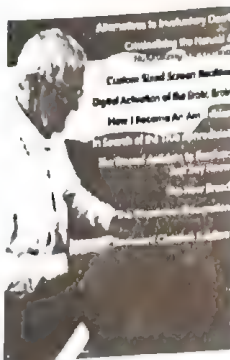
Issue#3 (ZINE-0003) "Austin's foremost contribution to zine kulchur..." Gonzo fiction and high weirdness that features: Don Webb, Jerod Pore, Wendy Wheeler, Peter Meyer, Carlos Rumbaut, Robert Glenn & more! Edited by Jon Lebkowsky.

Issue#4 (ZINE-0004) Cyborganic gonzo fiction: "network, elves, horses, dreams, elevator, carcass, dallas, morphs". Don Webb, Wendy Wheeler, Jon Lebkowsky, Milton Gomez, C.A. Rumbaut and more.

Timothy Leary's Greatest Hits

...by KnoWare
BOOK-0010, \$15.00 each, 0.247kg

Signed, limited edition of monographs including Alternatives to Involuntary Death, Criminalizing the Natural & Naturalizing the Criminal, How I Became An Amphibian, The Eternal Antidote to Facism: Just Say Know, and more!



Fringe Ware Review

...by FringeWare Inc.
ZINE-001x, \$5.00 each, 0.148kg

Premier issue (ZINE-0011) Survival on the margins of cybertecture. Tom Jennings, Bob Black, gonzo fiction by Don Webb, etc.

Survival Issue (ZINE-0012) Cyborganic, Applied Memetics, Info Economics, etc. Mindfood truck-stop on the Information Superjaveh.

Environmental Issue (ZINE-0013) David Blair on WAX, discourse on media environs, Ivan Stang i.v. by Willey Wiggins. Awarded "Editor's Choice" by Facsheet Five.

Psyberchix Issue (ZINE-0014) Special guest editors Erika Whiteway and Tiffany Lee Brown on gender viz. virtual community and media.

Stay Awake Issue (ZINE-0015) Jon Lebkowsky edits. John Shirley on Gurdjieff, UFO resources. Schwa cover.

Issue #6(66) (ZINE-0016) Don Webb edits with Ron Hale-Evans, Edred Thorssen, Erika Whiteway and more on Temple of Set, Gothick origins, darkness, magick, goats and Satan.



Alien Dreamtime

...by ROSE*X Media House
NTSC-0030, \$20.00 each, 0.335kg

Tape of a live multimedia event in SF, 26-27 Feb 93. Designed to recreate a good trip; definite must-see for any true head. Can u say "aliens"... "visuals"... "singularity"? Terence McKenna rants in tongues better than Robert Titon, recounting the DMT even/alien lingo, rapping his ethnobotanical theories "Archaic Revival", "Alien Love" & "Time Wave Zero" during a rave, with live video scratching by ROSE*X, techno loops by Space Time Continuum, didgeridoo by Stephen Kent. 60 min.



WAX

...by First Run Features
NTSC-0010, \$59.95 each, 0.335kg

A mere 2000 dissolves, produced by David Blair, trace the revenge of the dead through alien contacts, occultist NASA hacker reincarnation and nuclear weapons casts into the realm of bee television. "Authentically peculiar...like something from the network vaults of an alternate universe" sez William Gibson. 85 min.

Flux Oersted tape

...by Robitron Software Research
MUSE-0030, \$4.00 each, 0.065kg

Music from the fringes of the electromagnetic field. Subversive, computer augmented songs recorded by robitron aka Flux Oersted.

Transmissions 1991-1993 CD

...by Dissemination Network
MUSE-0010, \$10.00 each, 0.108kg

Texas' premier Tek-Know video scratch artists. "Guerrilla media terrorism from the high-tech underground." No frontmen, no guitars: lets media samples & scratches do the talking over loops... "It's about the information." Public Enemy meets Front 242, online; compared with Aeon, Consolidated, Meat Beat.



doing experimentation with early interactive video of a sensual/consensual nature." On the screen, demonstrations of the visualization capabilities of higher order group theory called "clusterfucks" and mating ritual (de)constructions based on guerrilla semiotics and chimpanzee semiotics, even orangutan semiotics, leading to an understanding of how to interface with the human neural system. Graphic representation of libidinal forces in every connected system throughout the Drawl. Unthinkable perplexity. Like city street signs and hairlines, receding...

"What in the hell's that?" Mauly demanded. "Children's stories," flipping off the unit.

Then turned off the power switch.

"You want to try it now, Crease? The unit. I mean... Shall I leave you two alone for a while?"

Seven days. An entire week had passed since Crease awoke in that cheap motel with Mauly beside him. He craved fluids and high-protein dinners, with a strange longing for mooshu pork. And REM sleep. His loneliness had subsided, misplaced somewhere temporarily, inside the cut of her thighs. But the thought of reentering the Dominatrix tolled an intolerable pang of longing inside his chest. His skin crawled, as if burned throughout. Pulse rose. So close now... he shook his head. "Naw, go ahead and watch if you like," he said, unzipping his pants and reaching for a set of 'troles.

Crease stared at the Zendik unit on his lap. He'd cut open the boxes with her gift, then stood on their tempurafoam nest to connect to the ceiling wires. Manufactured by a commune in Bastrop. Whole operation began as a joke, a lesbian group seeking to belittle men through sex-specific electronics. But strategic alliances grew between the Zendiks and the software producer and Wakenhut stations scattered throughout zaibatsu complexes littering that part of the Drawl. Technical production shot through with the needs and gratifications of corporate security. They were the best available, Hermitage had seen to every detail.

He closed his eyelids tightly, pulled on the 'troles. Entering the Dominatrix with a tremor of anticipation and aboversity. Found the switch surface marked in Braille as "Power Stud" and yanked on it with a howl.

Mauly gasped at the tension.

Please, he prayed, do me, do me *now*—

A gray trickle danced behind his retina.

Expanding, beginning to rotate. Adding dimen-

sion. Two spheres and a swash of blackness trimmed in undulating silver. Algorithms pulsing with the fluid neon origami of known fixtures in bubbaspaces...ribbed hooked logo of the Southern Seaboard Fishing Authority burning through mysterious three-stoned emblem of Nancy's Savings and Loan. Patterns tattooed across an expanse of soft, tight, tensing, ephemeral flesh-like texture mapping. Interdisorder swelling into the dimensions of a myriad fusion-electric Chevy pickups surrounding an immense titty-bar entryway, but more sinister. As if it were alive. Amazingly life-like.

Somewhere he was crying, streaming tears of an abducted child returned home. Somewhere, his flesh sobbing in a latex-crusting loft, with a fierce dark-haired street ninja staring at his exposed crotch, moving her right hand inside her leather mini jerkily. Making low sounds. His flesh was in that place, but his meat was inside the Zendik unit, while his consciousness belonged to bubbaspaces. Crease slammed back nav control to expose all vision and pure experience to the leather corseted breast of the Dominatrix.

* * *

Mauly was gone by the time Crease finished. He yanked off with 'troles still dangling and took a shower. The loft was dark except for a glowing timeprint on the wall unit. He'd been in bubbaspaces for seven hours and his vision blurred as he switched on the bathroom lights. He'd lost a lot of fluids.

After showering, he stepped out of the stall to realize that somebody had been watching him. This person was still watching him. It was HalPhin.

"I'm HalPhin—and you're not!" said HalPhin. Making a goofy face at Crease.

"Crease," said Crease, pretending to introduce himself, bundled quickly within a large towel. Grimacing. Standing erect, but distant.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, I'm sure." Winking. "Got some gizmos for your boss."

"What kind?"

"A wire unit, for remote access to somebody else's body through your Ohno-Zendik console. Guess it's for you actually..."

"What for?"

"No fucking clue. But I just watched Mauly downstairs getting fitted with a broadcast wire. Really red-faced, distracted. Kinda messy, what were you two doing up here?" the old homeless-

looking lecher grinned. "So I guess you've got another way inside those leather minis, huh?"

Crease noticed the slack in his towel tighten markedly at this last news. The 'trole set popped and slithered out. Clamoring to the floor in a jumbled pool of cyborganic wetness, sprinkled with tile chips, used bandaids and a ninja's dark short hairs...

...to be continued. Also, watch for the upcoming novel *Jizzmatrix* by Jon Lebkowski.



Music which helped get this issue out: Boxcar Willie, My Soggy Flapjack; Terence McKenna and TechnoMeds from Beyond The Dimension of Thoth; I Can't Remember A Damn Thing Anymore, vol. II, Las Lab; Greatest Hits: Pearl Jam; We Hate You And We Wish We Were Construction Workers; Bill Laswell, Evil's soundtrack; Terence McKenna and the Future Techno Sounds of Alien Planet 23; Where'd I Put That Friggin' Pipe?, vol. IV; Ringo Starr; (the one album he put out in the '70s that everybody liked, what the hell is that called); Sneezy Beezus; Semicolon Of Sorrow; The Borzo Dog Band; Peter Gabriel, Shankar, and Tom Jones; Unplugged; Diamonds Galas and the Manhattan Transfer; A Tribute to the Wisdom of Charles Schultz; Dissemination Network; Unplugged; Terence McKenna and the Lords of Technopoly Visit The Planet of the Red Lactoids; Umm... Do I Smoke This Stuff Or What?

Drugs of choice: Six gallons of ayahuasca (we vomited all over our \$40,000 monitors, ha ha!); four entire *Thochocarus peruvianus* cacti (those prickly needles sting... yowch!); twelve vials of tachyon water; seventy-three *Datura stramonium* leaves (hey, who put that giant flesh-eating shish-ke-bob on my \$40,000 monitor?); and "Metrose Place" (geddi? TV's a drug, geddi? he he, god, that's rich...)

Message 7:

Date: 1.2.95

From: Shelly Soma

(G.L.O.D., +1 313 368 5432 fax)

To: email@fringeware.com

Subject: Speculations on technology,
ritual and other such matters

Techgnosis

The dawning of the digital age has brought humans closer interfaces with technology than ever before possible. Electronic "crimes" are being committed for which no laws or punishments yet exist. Virtual reality is considered a feasible alternative to (escape from?) "meat" reality. And with all this new technology, the impending "information stupor-highway", the Clipper chip, PGP wars, though police (there really *are* telescreens in every home now), etc., has something been overlooked in the headlong plunge toward the silicon reëvolution? Have we forgotten

links between spirit and matter is musick, the universal language. The subliminal, emotive and nostalgic effect of musick has been well documented throughout the æons. Indeed, magick, from the earliest times of humanity, has been inextricably bound with musick. It has been used in trance and ritual since the inception of language itself. Musick is used to call upon the gods, invoke dæmons, as an accompaniment to sexual magick, to induce ecstatic states and trance...

Even in the mundane reality, Muzak follows us through all the elevators of our lives. As

signifies a gnostic state achieved with the aid or abettance of technology. If one is not musickally inclined or lacks the equipment, then be an active listener. Work to build a gnostic state through ecstatic dance, chanting or simply by sitting in the dark meditating with earphones. Or make your musick inside your own head—though, arguably, this may not qualify as technologically assisted.

The point is, one need not have musickal "talent" to conjure up a ritual state by this means. It can be pure noise or pure silence—*chaostatic*. It can be a single note droned on into infinity, an augmented AUM, or a repetitive beat. It can be a human voice uttering nonsensical syllables, glossolalia, mantras, logorrhea. If one possesses a computer, sampler, effects processor, delay pedal, even a simple tape recorder, these can augment and compound the possibilities infinitely. These methods can be used in a non-traditional shamanistic manner, much as curanderos sing to heal their patients or divine the future, or as whirling dervishes work themselves into a gnostic fervor, as the flagellants of yore whipped themselves into frenzied (religious?) ecstasies—that's a topic for another column...

Anything one chooses to do ritually can usually be aided through the use of musick, especially if you have technology on your side. Cultivating these states of techgnosis, we can navigate the "stupor-highway" as if it were the Autobahn...no speed limits. Or better yet, pilot your fahrvergnugen onto the backroads of inner space, where there are no radar cops...

Next: Niklaus Necroponti writes about new "Super-Competing Centers", the mandate to boost government funding levels for technology-neutral programs which serve purely as means to differentiate participants

"THEE MEMIUM IS THEE
MASS EDGE... So Be IT..."
-Brother Genesis



that technology is supposed to be a tool, not a fix? That humans are the masters of machines and not the other way 'round? That once we unplug we still have minds and bodies to come home to? Does our magickal life fit into all this hardwiring? Has technology become just another diversion—a sanitized Nintendo mind-vacuum for the masses? Are we "empowered" yet?!

One aspect of technology that deserves more exploration is a type of shamanic synthesis which I have termed *techgnosis*. This involves correlating and integrating technology into one's magickal life, rewriting the software code of your personal mythology, as it were, in any form you find suitable. This could range from "TV magick" à la (the now-defunct) Temple Ov Psychick Youth, interactive multimedia (i.e. raves), VR "acid trips", etc. But one of the most powerful potential

such, musick is in itself a potent form of magick. Given the technology used in today's musickal equipment, i.e. digital multi-track, hard-disk recording, computer mixing, editing, digital efx processors, samplers, etc., the possibilities for magickal expansion are broadened as never before. Witness the newfound popularity of the ambient genre, which has existed since time immemorial and has been termed as such since the 60's. Personal experience leads me to conclude that musick and magick are indeed the dynamic duo for the new millennium. Combine them with psychedelic drugs and you have kno-thing less than a holy trinity! (Of course, i can't stress enough that we are all responsible for our own actions and decisions in this particular regard.)

This melding of the mind, musick and magick is what i mean by techgnosis. It





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Neotribalism in the Global Village... FringeWare, Inc. (FWI) is a small commercial enterprise dedicated to community development around a fringe marketplace where the edges of diverse alternative cultures intersect. We feel that the market is the core of any community, and sick markets mean sick communities...just look around. • FringeWare acknowledges the essential importance of trade, but our mission is to create a context for E.F. Schumacher's "Economics as if People Mattered." • *What's in the Fringe Market?* We focus on publications, events, and products that we find interesting, fun, and enlightening...we engage in the following business activities: Publishing printed and electronic periodicals, including *Fringe Ware Review* (ISSN 1069-5656) and *Unshaved Truths* (ISSN 1075-4458); Operating a retail outlet and a mail order service, selling *street tech*, software, gizmos, wearable subversive memes, etc.; Hosting an Internet mailing list for information from/about the cultural and technological fringes and providing an automated list server for FWI archives (see p.1 for details); Organizing events in cooperation with other firms and organizations on the Fringes... • We're learning that people can survive quite nicely without huge corporations, huge governments, and huge dogmas pushing their lives. So here is the FringeWare alternative: Start your own corporation. Trade with other like-minded people throughout the Global Village. Encourage innovation and promote entrepreneurship. Promote fair, cooperative business practices. Emphasize products that facilitate creativity, health, and play. Explore consciousness alternatives. Build community through advanced, available technologies, e.g. computer networks. Respect and consider the natural environment by promoting sustainable resource use. Have fun, be weird, and make what it takes to survive. • Welcome to the Fringes of art, technology, and society. From here innovation emerges, and here survival, through cooperation and use of the unexpected, counts. Thank!

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